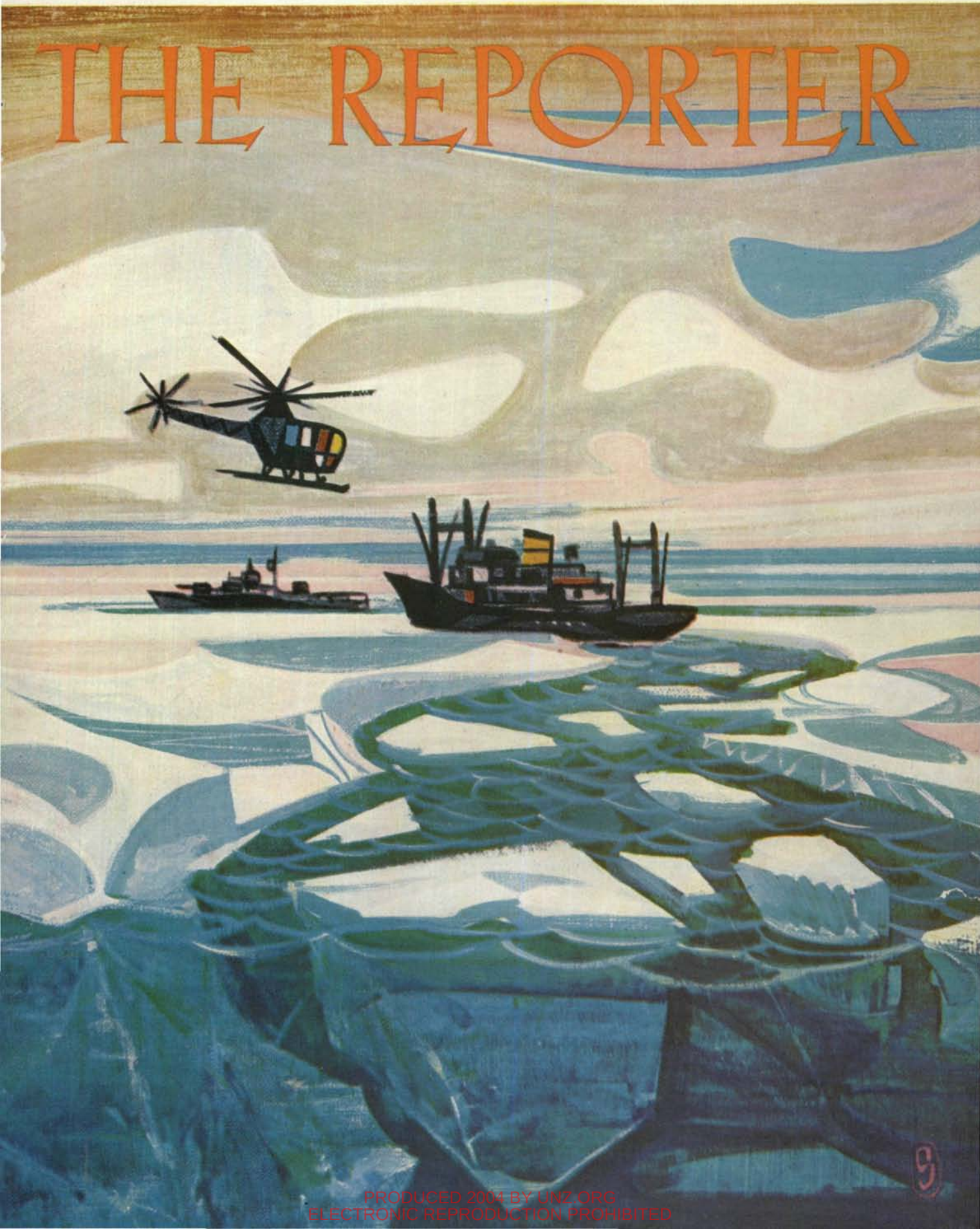
The Outlook for NATO

DC December 12, 1957 25¢ LESTER B. PEARSON's Warning to the West

# THE REPORTER



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1. ☐ Changing of Guard, Stockholm, Sweden
   ☐ The Swiss Guards, Vatican City, Italy
   ☐ Changing of Guard, London, England

2. ☐ Port of Reykjavik, Iceland
   ☐ Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
   ☐ Castle Orth, Traun Lake, Austria

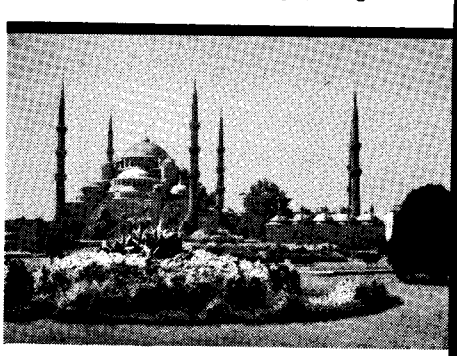
3. ☐ View of Hardanger, Norway
   ☐ Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland
   ☐ Harbor of La Condamine, Monaco

4. ☐ Ancient Vianden Castle, Luxembourg
   ☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
   ☐ Tower of Belem, River Tagus, Portugal

## can you identify these

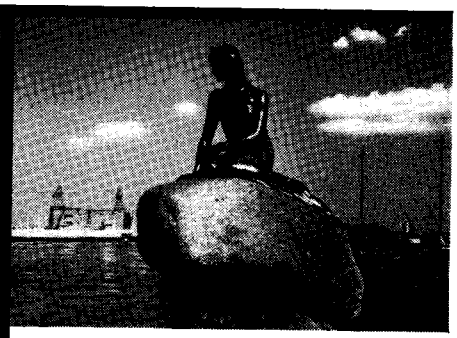
# EUROPEAN VACATION

## highlights?



5. ☐ The Mezquita (Mosque), Cordoba, Spain
   ☐ Chapel of St. George, Athens, Greece
   ☐ Sultan Ahmet Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey

6. ☐ The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands
   ☐ Canal Scene, Bruges, Belgium
   ☐ The River Liffey, Dublin, Ireland



7. ☐ The Lorelei, River Rhine, Germany
   ☐ Venus de Milo, Paris, France
   ☐ "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

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ANSWERS:
1. Changing of Guard, London, England. 2. Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. 3. View of Hardanger, Norway. 4. Olavinlinna Castle, Finland. 5. Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey. 6. The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands. 7. "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark.

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Acts of God

Remember that Saturday afternoon, September 24, 1955, when the news came that the President had suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis? That day the shock was deep and disconcerting, and not in our country alone. The same feeling of hurt was suffered by men and women all over the world when the President was stricken by ileitis. Now we have had it again, and the poignancy is in no way affected by the mounting criticisms that have been leveled at him during the last months.

It's a very strange thing, the hold that this man has on all of us. It used to be said that nobody can get mad at Ike. It would be more proper to say, perhaps, that everybody is soft on Ike. Once more, and indeed more than before, there is the same reaction in everybody's heart: poor, poor Ike. It should not have happened to him.

Of course General Eisenhower knew, or should have known, what he was getting into when he entered a pact with some Republican leaders: making up for his lack of political and administrative experience, he accepted their guidance in the conduct of public affairs. He accepted also that a genuine glory which should have been his for all time to come be cashed in for the benefit of a party, or a faction of a party. By his political innocence and the lack of innocence of some others, he was driven into a position of "my party, right or wrong."

In these times of ghost writers and ghost thinkers and public-relations magicians, we have become accustomed to public personalities whose traits and utterances result largely from a collective effort. But the case of a public personality transferred, so to speak, wholesale and ready-made from one field of operation to another is something else again.

Yet it all might have produced little or no harm to the nation and the President if these were peaceful, uneventful times. Unfortunately they are not. Moreover, whatever strength General Eisenhower brought to his new office kept ebbing away. This third sickness further reduces a vigor, a capacity to lead, that had already been grievously impaired.

This is Nixon's hour. His public personality has been hatched by some of the same political forces that have specialized in reducing the decisions the President has to make to a very few or, as it is said, basic ones. There can be no doubt about the young man's vigor, nor about the fact that the President's decline is bound to be accompanied by the Vice-President's rise.

About the Vice-President, as distinguished from the former member of Congress, the best we can say is that we don't know anything. He has been understudying so many different roles and reciting so many different scripts that it is impossible to say how he would act as protagonist. It has been said that he is growing. But considering the opportunities that came to him during his more than five years in office, it would have taken some real, stubborn effort not to grow.

We don't see any reason why Nixon should be given a retroactive grant of confidence, or why he should be the object of permanent distrust. We will just redouble our watch.

## Nation of Advanced Plumbers?

In the nation-wide furor generated by the discovery that the Soviets are clearly ahead of us in missile technology, frantic self-criticisms, excited educational crash-plans, and some challenging long-range ideas are now appearing everywhere. It remains to be determined which of them are sound and which simply reflect hysteria. It seems wise to consider carefully before we decide.

On the "now-let's-go-all-out-for-science" front we have voices ranging from the Washington summit to local P.T.A.'s. The President has called for a nation-wide testing system to discover high-school candidates for science training, and engineer ex-President Hoover has come out to declare that our schools must forthwith produce annually seventy thousand more graduates qualified for higher scientific or engineering

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This spastic index of a troubled heart?
No maiden of Victorian days could be
More skittish, swooning at the imagined dart
Of a mouse, or soaring in ecstasies of bliss
At a lover's note. Is this the stalwart core
Of the organism of our whole fortune, this
Manner of life that we are fighting for?
The fiscal-minded read the fever chart
With only a doctor's eye for its degrees,
And note the tremors of this irregular heart
With no more than professional unease.
But some of us, in apprehension, hear
The fluttering of unbridled, abject fear.

—Sec

THE REPORTER, December 12, 1957, Volume 17, No. 10. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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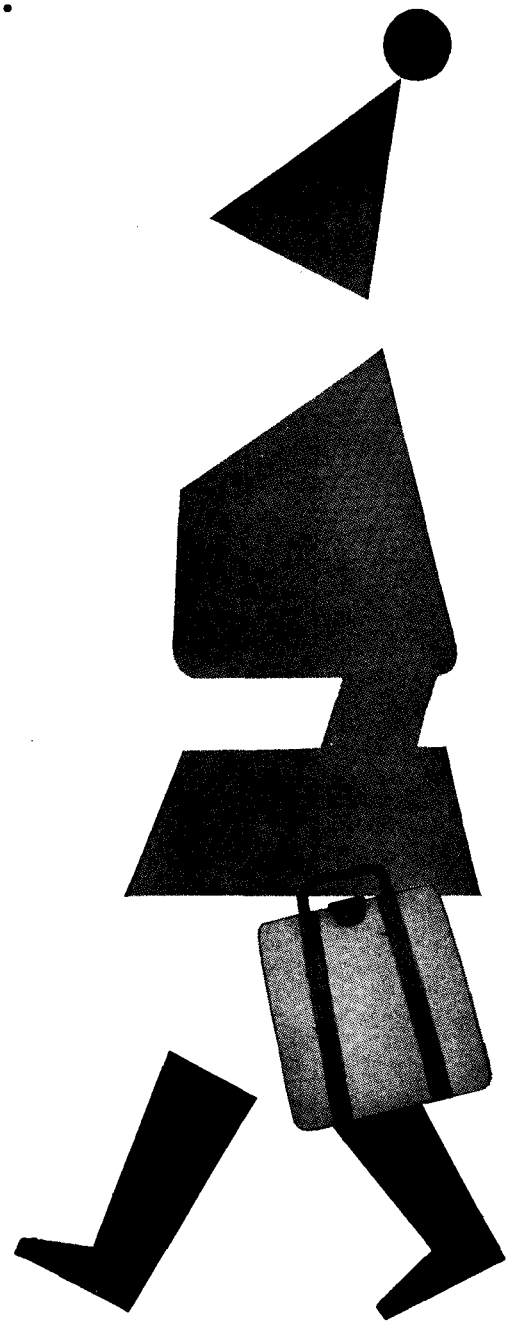
training. "Youth guidance" and "manning vital occupations" are now the watchwords. On the West Coast a volunteer committee of science teachers from all over the nation has met to map out a speeded-up science instruction with the help of motion pictures. In New York State the Board of Regents is calling for immediate expansion of the school curriculum in science and mathematics. In New York City the Teachers' Guild has taken the opportunity to attack Superintendent of Schools William Jansen as having "hamstrung" science teaching in the city's schools.

In Washington, the House of Representatives' rather astronomical Elliott bill, introduced last year, which would grant up to forty thousand annual Federal scholarships to deserving students, has been overtaken by Republican Minority Leader Joseph Martin's immediate proposal to grant five Federal scholarships in each of our 435 Congressional districts to potential young scientific talents. A report of the Senate Government Operations Committee has also urged Federal subsidies to provide more science and mathematics teachers, and has been underscored by the Federal Office of Education's report that while in the Soviet Union instruction in geometry and algebra generally begins in the sixth grade, here only one third of our high-school graduates have taken a year of chemistry, only one fourth any physics, and only one seventh advanced mathematics.

A science speed-up, yes—but is this all? And how? The U. S. Commissioner of Education, Lawrence G. Derthick, has himself paused amid the excitement to speak of the need to educate "in an ever-widening range and depth of subject matter." Dr. Henry Heald, president of the Ford Foundation, has declared that the United States government, unlike the Soviets, "cannot decree the study of science" and that perhaps we should not bribe young people into it. Dr. Maurice Jacobs, head of the vocational service of B'nai B'rith, also condemns "pushing a youngster into a specified field of study"—meaning a specialized field of science—without first ascertaining his aptitude and personality for it. And President James R. Killian, Jr., of M.I.T.—now





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# She knows only hardship and hunger

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somewhat in charge of American technological speed-up—himself has said that "It is the great humanistic responsibility of our colleges and universities to stress the kinship, indeed the unity, of all knowledge."

The upshot of this fast emerging debate seems to us a drawing of lines between the immediate "crash" mobilizers who would have all bright American youth switch at once to technology, and the longer-range mentors who would like to see them get educated—really educated—first.

## A Scoop, A Palpable Scoop!

Looking back over a year of notable performances in the field of journalism, we have come to the conclusion that some sort of special citation should be given to the editors of *Life* for aggressiveness far beyond the call of duty in getting the news of the day to a waiting world. We would call your attention in particular to a column of text in the October 28 issue, which contains generous verbatim excerpts from the full, though of course unofficial, text of what the Queen of England actually said while watching a football game between Maryland and North Carolina.

For example, Her Majesty asked at one point, "Why are the goal posts behind the lines at the ends of the field?" Of the huddle between downs: "Why do they gather that way?" And then: "Why does that one man [the center] leave the huddle first?" Pointing to the scoreboard: "What do the numbers up there mean?" And finally, it seemed to us, a rather plaintive query: "What is the duration of the game?"

We are so accustomed to encountering remarkable things in the pages of *Life* that it would never even have occurred to us to ask how *Life* got its hands on this incontrovertible proof that the Queen is not only charming but also possessed of a keen, searching intelligence. There she was, sitting in a box on the fifty-yard line between the governor of Maryland and the president of the University of Maryland, neither of whom, at least in the pictures accompanying the text, seemed to be holding a pencil and a shorthand notebook. Just how do these wonders come to pass?

Well, now it can be told. And the



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story behind the story is even more fascinating than the story itself. It seems that an expert lip reader, Associate Professor Robert Panara of Gallaudet College (for the deaf), had been retained by the enterprising editors to keep his eyes glued on the Queen all during the game through a powerful telescope. Although the monitoring station was two hundred yards from the Queen's box, Professor Panara was able to relay Her Majesty's utterances to specially trained *Life* correspondents, who put it all down for posterity on a tape recorder.

The instant the game was over, *Life's* task force sped under police escort to a nearby airport where a special plane was all revved up for the flight to New York, where other men were keeping vigil in Rockefeller Center so that the American people would not be denied the information that just before the kick-off the Queen of England had turned to her escort and asked: "How many men are on the team?"

### Bluecoats in the Schools

If the attitude of a Brooklyn grand jury prevails, the policeman will become as much a part of a New York child's school life as the teacher or janitor. A uniformed patrolman would be assigned to each school in the city "to deter the vicious elements from perpetrating some of their acts of violence and depravity," in the words of Judge Samuel S. Liebowitz, who goes along with the idea. The judge stayed up all night, he said, studying the legal questions involved, but the broader questions got a quick going-over, if any.

When crime gets out of hand in the schoolroom—and there have been some pretty raw episodes—keeping a cop in the corridor doesn't seem to be even a passingly practical approach, much less a fundamental one. Presumably, the idea is that to keep some order among our tough youngsters in the public schools, the symbol of law enforcement should be embodied in at least one (and why only one?) night-stick swinging, gun-carrying cop. Does this mean that every public school in the country must follow the precedent that has been set at Central High in Little Rock?


# *"Best-written periodical I read," says Professor Robert S. Lynd about London's leading weekly review*

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*I find it quite a job to keep my feet under me in the current pace of world change. As Bill Whyte has warned us Americans, "Wherever it is we are going, we are going there very, very fast."*

*We need news, of course, but we are drowned in that; and who knows what the vast jumble means?*

*What I want is help in direction-finding: the larger problems the news involves. To get this I cannot afford just to "think American." I find I need continuing contact with a first-rate thinking apparatus based outside the United States, that can give me what amounts to a responsible second triangulation point on world problems.*

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*Happily, the editor and his associates have the wit to realize that, while things may be serious, they are not all that solemn. So there is change of pace, humour, and variety. The* NEW STATESMAN *is by all odds the best-written periodical I read—whether one elects to read it head-on or from the back sections forward. And if there are better book reviews appearing anywhere week after week, I should like to know where.*

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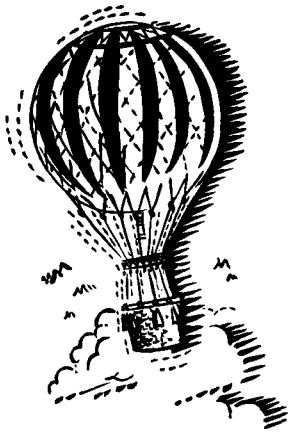

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

**To the Editor:** Each issue of *The Reporter* is excellent, but your issue of November 14 is superlative. I do not know when I have seen so much vital information and comment of the highest importance as is contained in its first twenty-five pages.

The bull's eye is hit the hardest in the following by George Bailey: "When a government adopts a policy of refusing to let private opinion organize itself into public opinion, that government has no way of knowing what its citizens think or how deeply they feel on any issue."

This ignorance of the ruling group causes not only Communist but all despotic governments, sooner or later, to "dig their own graves," to borrow Max Ascoli's use of Marx's penetrating phrase.

In China, I saw the Generalissimo busily engaged in digging his own grave, because he was so abysmally ignorant of what his people were thinking and feeling.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane

## U.S. AID TO KOREA

**To the Editor:** Charles Edmundson ("'Don't Make Korea Another China,'" *The Reporter*, October 31) is not opposed to foreign aid per se, and we of Korea are the first to insist that American help to our country should be subjected to the searchlight of constructive criticism. . . .

It is essential to examine briefly the background of the present Korean situation. Korea was just emerging from a reactionary autocracy when, in 1905, it was occupied by the Japanese. That occupation lasted for forty years, until the defeat of Japan in the Second World War. Under the Japanese, Korea was denied the most elementary of rights—educational, technological, and cultural, as well as political. Thus it was that Korea emerged into the modern world—in 1945—a backward country in almost every respect, with not even a class of Korean entrepeneurs. Furthermore, it emerged in division: the northern half handed over to the Communists by consent of the United States, and the southern half temporarily under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Army. The political, social, and security problems thus posed were aggravated by the fact that industrial resources and power were located mainly in the north, while the south was the rice basket.

During the American Military Government period, little was done to make the economy of the south a going concern. That sort of consideration seemed to be reserved for Japan, and Korea had to be content with relief goods—with charity that was welcome and necessary, but which provided no hope of even relative self-sufficiency. . . .

There then ensued the three-year shooting phase of one of the cruelest and most destructive "local wars" in history. Most of our public buildings, schools, and factories were blasted into nothingness or gutted by the retreating Communists. The total resources of the economy had to be given over to the



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war effort. Even worse, the United Nations did not pursue the conflict to its pledged objective—the democratic unification of Korea—and the unfortunate armistice of 1953 left the country still divided, still threatened by the Communists, and largely in ruins. The United Nations took cognizance of all this, and created the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency to help in Korea's "relief and rehabilitation." The United States also recognized its obligations, and at the time of the armistice President Eisenhower pledged American assistance for the reconstruction, rehabilitation, and defense of Korea.

It is perhaps true that this situation has resulted in some unjustified profits for some importers. Steps are being taken to try to close the gap. Probably it cannot be closed completely, but the price paid—in consumer-type goods that are overpriced—is small compared with the good accomplished. That good is a stabilized economy, and without it Korea cannot hope to survive, as Mr. Edmundson himself admits. . . .

He concludes his article with the statement that the failure to achieve "wise and honest control of aid funds" has sapped the morale of the Korean people and thus materially affected the military potential of Korea as a fighting ally of America. . . .

Even the most severe critics of Korea have agreed that morale among Koreans is unsurpassed anywhere in the free world, and that the fighting spirit of the Korean Army is higher than ever despite problems of low pay and living conditions that the government is desperately trying to improve. Koreans themselves feel that same way both about the population in general and the armed forces.

Ours is the only country in the world where demonstrations have urged the Americans—not to get out—but to stay! This is not the reflection of a bid for more assistance but an assertion of steadfast belief in the necessity of defeating Communism and creating a world in which liberty and security are assured for all.

SEIHYUN RHEE
President
Seoul Chamber of Commerce
of Korea

## GOLDEN STATE POLITICS

**To the Editor:** I think Bruce Bliven's article, "Knowland, Knight, and the Smile on Nixon's Face" (*The Reporter*, November 14), is a sheer gem of a report on the California political jungle.

Despite the brevity of Mr. Bliven's account, he fully and fairly sketches the major and minor contenders, Republican and Democratic. He gives the reader an understanding of the G.O.P. high stakes in the races. He pinpoints the reasons for the mounting vitality of the California Democrats.

Finally, Mr. Bliven invites the reader to study the jungle and its political creatures in an objective fashion.

THEODORE F. BAER
Los Altos, California

**To the Editor:** A perusal of the article by Mr. Bruce Bliven elicits one question. Why, in an article that examines fifteen active and probable candidates for governor and senator in the state of California, does Mr. Bliven deem it necessary to give the religious affiliation of only one of the candidates?

For reasons which certainly cannot be attributed to the necessities of journalism, Mr. Bliven informs us only that Mr. Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, present attorney general of the state and Democratic candidate for governor, is a "Roman Catholic." It might be of interest to Mr. Bliven and you to know that in the years Mr. Brown has sought public office in the state of California, even that segment of the press not supporting him has never found it necessary to remind readers of Mr. Brown's religious creed.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bliven's writing can be read only as journalistic innuendo. Mr. Bliven is possessed of such writing experience that any plea of inadvertence is nullified. To find within the covers of *The Reporter* writing as practiced by the Henry Luce school of journalism is not only disappointing, it is nauseating.

MARTHA S. AND W. S. FAY
San Francisco

## DON'T BLAME THE DOG

**To the Editor:** The concept of subliminal projection, reported on by Marya Mannes in your October 17 issue ("Ain't Nobody Here but Us Commercials"), may indeed be depressing—though less in itself, I think, than because of the tiresomely predictable comment it drew from readers in your November 14 Correspondence. Indignation and alarm is relieved only by a cynical, rather supercilious form of humor. Assuming that these letters represent the consensus of many received on the subject, and that their writers, as your readers, represent one of the more thinking, presumably progressive elements of the population, we are once again faced with the sad realization that perhaps no group is so fundamentally reactionary as the intellectually liberal.

This angry and often lofty attitude of resistance towards the new, particularly in the field of the communications, is both unrealistic and self-defeating. Wholly negative, unconstructive criticism is rarely of value, either to the criticized or the critic. A case in point is television itself, for which from the outset the thinking minority could muster nothing but cries of woe and mutterings of scorn.

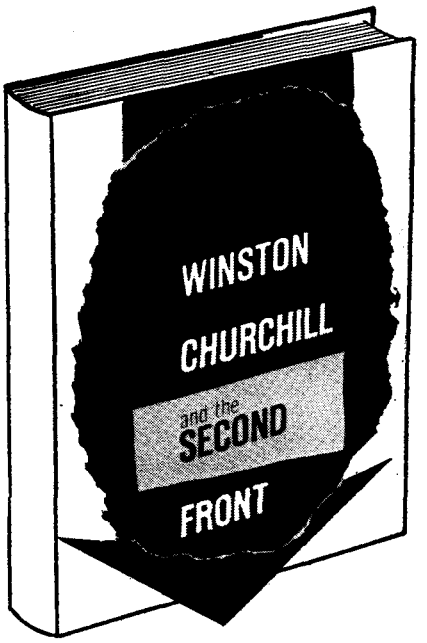
Today, of course, this very group wails more loudly than any that television toadies only to infantile tastes. But what, we must ask ourselves, was to be expected? It is rather like refusing a child permission to bring his puppy into the house, then complaining because the grown dog is not housebroken.

For better or worse, after all, subliminal projection is now with us. As Mr. James M. Vicary, its inventor, succinctly points out, "This is for real." If the intelligent would give it the benefit of their minds instead of the back of their hands, it is even just possible the process might develop along lines advantageous to all.

RICHARD FREDELL
Berkeley, California


***"Without winning any sensational victories we may win the war . . ."***

—WINSTON CHURCHILL

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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE INTERNAL crisis in NATO that has been building up ever since the Russians broke the American monopoly on atomic power will come to a head at the Paris meeting. We are convinced that NATO can only benefit from a thorough reassessment of the ends and means of the alliance, and we are particularly interested in the diplomatic means by which peace can be maintained. This is the viewpoint from which **Lester B. Pearson** looks at the situation when he asks, "Where do we go from here?" Mr. Pearson's article is extracted from an address given in a lecture series sponsored by the University of Minnesota under a grant provided by the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* in memory of Gideon D. Seymour, who during the last decade of his life served as vice-president and executive editor of the two newspapers. . . . **Edmond Taylor** looks at the NATO crisis from the viewpoint of our Continental NATO allies. **Alastair Buchan** brings us the viewpoint of those Britishers who are rightly concerned with strengthening the alliance. . . . **Eric Sevareid** has some pertinent things to say from Washington.

We have something of a crisis, too, in our economy, which the professional economists as usual define in widely different ways. **William Harlan Hale,** who is not a professional economist, reports on his tour of duty among the learned specialists. . . . The disagreement among economists is harmony compared with the differing estimates that our military men are making on the post-Sputnik situation. **Edward Hymoff** of NBC News describes the debate. . . . **S. L. Shneiderman,** after a visit to his native Poland, reports on the extraordinarily precarious situation of that country and of its leaders. . . . At this time of renewed trouble at the Israeli-Arab border, it is important to know how the Israelis are handling the Arabs within their borders. **Martin G. Berck,** a staff member of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has recently returned from a trip to the Middle East.

**David Perlman** is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** who writes about music and the Christmas season, is music editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . Two recent books on Sir Roger Casement are reviewed by **Daniel Greenberg,** a young free-lance writer. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches in the English Department at Brown University. . . . **August Heckscher,** who reviews Max Lerner's recent book, is executive director of the Twentieth Century Fund. . . . **Virgilia Peterson's** "Books in Profile," with Harding Lemay, is heard weekly over New York's radio station WNYC.

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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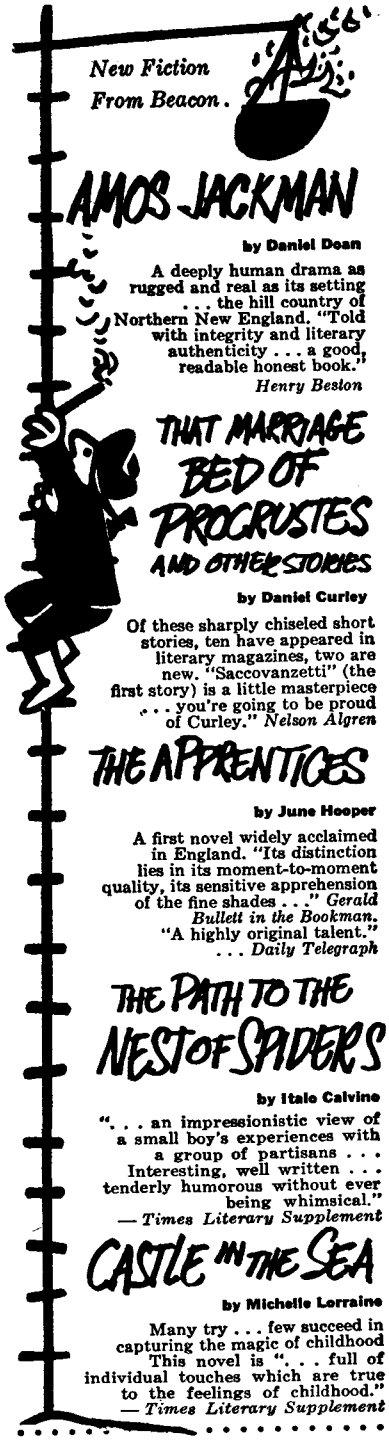

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# Where Do We Go from Here?

LESTER B. PEARSON

IT MAY BE that though we can do nothing about it now, we are in the wrong spot from which to go to the right places. Certainly we got lost somewhere along the way during the last fifty years; and the road to international peace and security which we are now following often seems to be getting rougher and the country swampier. It is not easy to see the turn that will bring us to a broad and smooth highway.

So where in the world do we go from here?

The answer is devastatingly clear in one respect at least. If we don't go forward toward genuine peace and co-operation between all peoples, forward to the solution of basic international issues which will bring about a feeling of security in the world, one of two things will happen.

¶ Nuclear war with intercontinental rocket missiles against which no present defense would save us from total destruction.

¶ Suspension between uneasy peace and global war in a state of tension and fear; with the two great agglomerations of world power, the United States and its allies, the Soviet Union and its satellites, glaring at each other with fear and hostility across a widening gulf of misunderstanding and resentment; where there will be continual conflict short of war, and occasional wars short of the big one; where peace will balance precariously on the knife-edge of terror, with the outer spaces cluttered up with satellites shot there by rockets which could as easily be used to carry nuclear warheads designed not to stay up with the stars but descend on us mortals.

One alternative is only worse than the other. Indeed, all history shows that unless we do something about it, the second will ultimately lead to the first.

Russia's man-made moons would not be circling our planet today if, earlier in this century, the Russian and then other Asian millions had not emerged into the age of power through technology. This process has hardly yet begun in some parts of Asia. In others it is far from completion. It has gone so far in the Soviet Union, however, that in facing these new, enigmatic, and monstrous forces from the East, which we do not even yet fully understand, we shall need all the courage, steadiness, and wisdom we can muster.

### The Vicious Circle

Out of Lenin's inflexible will, out of the days that shook the world in 1917, there has emerged a massive

totalitarian society compounded of Communism and science; a society under iron despotic control, and dedicated to the proposition that its tenets will conquer the earth in one way or another; peacefully, if that can be done, but if not . . . Well, Russia now possesses instruments of annihilative assault through its achievements in the science of destruction, and has not hesitated to threaten their use.

Nikita Khrushchev may have been perfectly sincere when he once told me—as he has told many others—that their Soviet system is inherently superior to ours; that socialism, which he thinks the Russians have, is far superior to capitalism and free enterprise, which he thinks we have; that the triumph of their system over ours in "competitive coexistence" is as inevitable as it can be peaceful.

One could get more comfort from this Communist belief, as a factor that makes for at least an avoidance of open war, if it were not likely that Mr. Khrushchev and other Communists are also convinced that the capitalist leaders, faced with the inevitable deterioration and collapse of their order in this competition, will, according to the laws of scientific Marxism, drag the world into war in one last desperate gamble. Believing this, and professing to find an abundance of contemporary evidence to support both our disintegration and our determination to stop it by imperialist wars and adventures, Khrushchev and his temporary colleagues who control Russia keep adding to the armed power of their state and trying to extend Communist influence. They also resist by any means required, including force, the efforts of their satellite states to extricate themselves from the thralldom of Moscow; and they carry with ever-increasing vigor the war of words into world forums such as the United Nations.

These Russian moves increase our own fears of aggression. Therefore, we search for more power to defend ourselves. It is a vicious and it could be a fatal circle, nor does it do any good, in trying to cut through it, merely to assume that all is right on our side and wrong on the other; to wrap ourselves in a cloak of impeccable rectitude and diplomatic rigidity.

### In the Long Run

What do we oppose to the Russian-controlled centralized society? Too often, merely the well-born clichés of the superiority of freedom and democracy and our "way of life." Let there be no misunderstanding.



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These things are superior to anything that Soviet Communism can produce or will produce. The imposed order and the directed activity of the Russians may seem to give them at times a selective advantage over our free competitive society, but in the long run there is no salvation, no hope, in their system because it enslaves the free thought and free soul of man to the dictates of a few irresponsible despots.

While that "long run," however, is taking place, there are some signs that our own social and economic and political institutions will not be equal to the challenges that face them; that our clichés are too empty of content for too many.

Soviet life and Soviet policy, admittedly, are founded on power and compulsion rather than consent. But are we sure that our own social purpose, derived from the right of the individual to make his own choice, is steady, strong, constructive, and based on enduring values?

Perhaps we should worry more about that, and not just about what is going on behind or over the Iron Curtain.

The very word "freedom" has now lost some of its earlier, angry meaning of stern and sturdy resistance to pressures and persecutions, from men or from mass opinion. The current popularity of that awful expression "the organization man" and the vogue for dissecting our motivations and desires so that we may fit into a group, whether as executives of a corporation or as purchasers of soap, are depressing portents. Surely we are not going to escape total state control in order to seek security in the "big organization" type of social and economic conformity.

### The Defense of Values

True and responsible freedom does mean strength. We know that. We know also that we have to pay a price for it, and we are glad to do so. But let us not by our own action or inaction make that price any higher than necessary. We know also that inevitably we tend to advertise our weaknesses and our failures. They make news on the "man bites dog" theory. But surely a sense of responsibility in this regard should be dictated by the realization that this kind of ammunition—which we not only manufacture but fire from the biggest guns possible—is directed against ourselves by ourselves. The other side can sit back and chuckle over our success in fighting their battle.

Undoubtedly we of the West must accept some handicaps in the contest with the Communist world. I have not even attempted to catalogue our strong points. Perhaps that is not a serious omission because we know them so well. In any event, it is time for soul searching, perhaps for soul shocking, rather than self-satisfaction as we face this new force of Soviet Communist imperialism armed with all the latest devices of a technology we used to think peculiarly our own, and indeed possessing some we have not yet acquired.

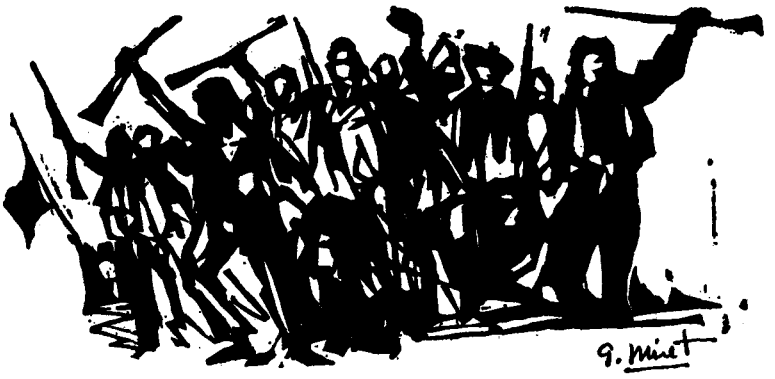
All this adds up to the fact that the strengthening of our institutions, the putting of first things first at home, the acceptance of the necessary individual sacrifices for a good social objective, are the first and most important objectives of defense. It is the defense of values.

This thought was once put by William James in the following words:

"The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes but those that dwell within their borders, and from these internal enemies of civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blessed above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the peoples does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness, by speaking, writing, voting reasonably, by smiting corruption swiftly, by good temper between parties, by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partisans or empty quacks."

### The Threat to NATO

There is, of course, another and more conventional aspect of defense which should be mentioned. It is the strengthening of the alliance of free nations, particularly in NATO; strengthening it militarily, economically, and politically.




This is a problem of immediate and pressing importance, for an alliance of this kind cannot stand still. It will go forward or it will disappear. If the latter, the primary aim of Russian foreign policy will be achieved: the detachment, the splitting off, of western Europe from North America.

Believe me, there is a danger of this happening, with results that would be tragic for everyone but the Kremlin. At present, while real efforts are being made to make it otherwise, it would be idle to deny that the strongest element in the cement that holds the members of NATO together is fear. In maintaining the alliance, a shot in the arm from Moscow is more effective than all the rejuvenating tonics prescribed in reports and resolutions at council meetings. In this respect, Khrushchev, like Stalin before him, has done more for NATO than any of its own "wise men" could possibly do.

There are signs, however, that this cement of fear, in spite of current shocks, is not as strong as it once was. This is not because of any feeling that the danger of aggression has been removed, but because of a growing feeling among certain of the European members that NATO, as such, no longer provides security



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against it, and also that the target of aggression is now more likely to be across the Atlantic. This questioning of the security value of NATO has been increased by the realization that the greatest, perhaps now the only, effective deterrent against all-out attack by the Soviet on western Europe is the ability and the resolve of the United States, not of NATO as such, to retaliate massively against Moscow.

This creates a sense of the futility of local defense as at present organized, and therefore of the folly of spending great sums of money on it. This feeling could possibly be changed if European countries had their own tactical atomic weapons. Then they could themselves provide a deterrent against aggression without involving the use of bombs and missiles which would automatically convert what might be a limited war into global destruction.

As it happens, however, no continental European NATO country now has these atomic weapons under its own control or is manufacturing them. The ability of the United States to make them freely available is limited by legislation. All this is a serious weakening of the principle and practice of collective defense. Surely in an alliance of this kind, every aspect of defense must be fully collective and co-operative, whether strategic or merely tactical considerations are involved, and all weapons must be shared. The time has come when security risks—if there is much risk now in view of what the Russians know—must be subordinated to the greater risk of the alliance weakening and disappearing.

Indeed, if NATO cannot continue on the widest possible basis of pooling and partnership, it is not likely to continue at all, at least as an effective organization.

### Eloquence and Co-operation

If there are dangers ahead for collective defense, the situation is even more disturbing in the field of political and economic co-operation. Here again at intervals the Russians make an aggressive move that shocks us into appeals for greater unity and closer co-operation. Then the crisis passes and too often also our noble resolve to work more closely together.

There has recently been some emphatic talk that the NATO countries should not only pool weapons but also their experience and their resources in the field of science and technology; should avoid wasteful duplication and provide for full exchange of information and know-how in this field. This admirable idea is not a new one. Indeed, a proposal to convene a conference to do something about scientific pooling was put forward to the NATO Council on December 1, 1956, in the report of the Committee of Three on nonmilitary co-operation. There is nothing to indicate that this recommendation caused very much interest at that time among the governments most concerned.

It is the same with political co-operation generally. Every NATO member, including Canada, becomes

eloquent on appropriate occasions over the virtues of the closest kind of such co-operation and consultation. But there is a steady reluctance, especially among the more powerful members, to take the necessary measures to make it effective. That would mean perhaps too much interference with the sacred cow of national sovereignty, would impose too great a limitation on the freedom of national action—and national legislatures.

We have two duties in the West: to protect our institutions within the city walls from deterioration and decay, and then to defend the walls themselves.

There is, however, a third and even more important duty: to bring about a state of affairs in the world where no one will wish to attack us at all—or we them; where eventually walls themselves will be as much of an anachronism as trenches, barbed wire, and forts on the U.S.-Canadian border.

### Patience and Persistence

This is the supreme obligation of all men in all nations—the extension of the area of peace with law and justice and freedom. We cannot be sure, however, that all other nations will co-operate with us in that task. So we must maintain the means for our own defense while taking every possible step, and making every possible effort, to remove any doubt in others that our force, military and diplomatic, will ever be used for any aggressive and unworthy purpose.

Our insistence on the primacy of this task of making peace by international negotiation, our seizure of every political opportunity to this end, does not mean that we should or need contemplate agreements that would betray either our friends or our principles. Indeed, peace on such terms would be false and any arrangements made would be worthless.

I know that there are those who look with suspicion on every move that implies a desire or even a willingness to negotiate; who call it "appeasement"—one of those words debased by polemics—or softness toward Communism. Such critics forget that if total and unremitting hatred of Communism were the only test of loyalty to democratic ideals, Hitler would be the greatest democrat of all time.

Ignoring the voices of passionate if often sincere prejudice and unreason, we should go on seeking, patiently and persistently, a basis for negotiation and agreement with the other side. In the process we should refuse to adopt the rough, crude tactics that may be used against us, or allow our own attitudes, even more our own policies, to be determined by such tactics. This is not a sign of weakness on our part but of confidence and strength.

I QUITE realize that the easiest, and in some quarters the most popular, attitude that we could adopt in the cold war would be a relentless and immovable stand on a platform of inveterate and inflexible hostility to Soviet Russia and determined oppo-



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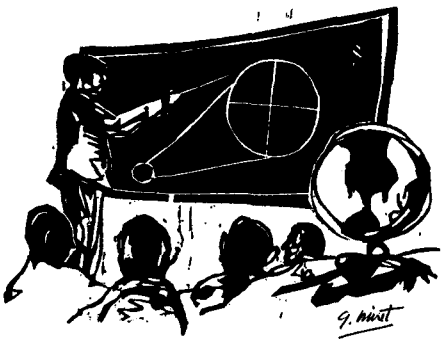

sition to every move it makes or tries to make any place any time. The corollary to this means taking steps to counter and defeat every such move in the hope that Russia will eventually accept without conditions our terms for ending the cold war and withdraw—actually and ideologically—behind its old Czarist boundaries. I see myself no prospect of any such easing of tension, and ultimately of international peace and security, if we have our policy and diplomacy on any such basis.

### A Flexible Policy

Such a policy is one of simple "unconditional surrender." It means limiting our diplomacy and foreign policy to that requirement. It means also, of course, remaining armed to the teeth, at a time when it is equally useful to be armed to the brain.

I know quite well that whatever we do we have to be well armed for defense in all its aspects. I am not suggesting that we throw away any elements of our military strength except some antediluvian ideas. I accept the fact that no matter how enlightened and flexible our policy, we cannot safely allow it to result in a weakening of what the military call our defense posture. If, however, we allow an exaggerated and provocative posture to result from, or be encouraged by, a rigid "unconditional surrender" type of diplomacy, we make the establishment of peace through tolerable arrangements even more difficult than it already is.

What I am suggesting is that, without weakening our necessary defenses, we refuse to allow our policy to be dictated solely by military considerations or frozen by fears based on those considerations.

I am not naïve enough to think that as a result, satisfactory solutions will then be found for all the international problems that divide and bedevil the world. Certainly my own experience makes me more than skeptical about finding in the present political climate any such solutions based on friendship, or understanding, or mutual trust between Communists and non-Communists. My hopes are no higher than that accommodations may be brought about step by step on a basis of mutual tolerance and self-interest, and certainly without betrayal of any principle on our side.

It may be that we cannot even achieve this. That does not mean, however, that we should not try, and make sure that if failure comes it will be through no fault of ours. As the Bible says, ". . . it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

### The Way Forward

In following the course I have outlined, we can take hope from the knowledge that no society, certainly no Russian Communist society, remains static. There is a ferment of freedom ever at work, even in Russia; for freedom, as the epic of Hungary has shown, cannot be rooted out of the human mind by force or by fraud. Signs of this evolution which is taking place in Russia have been noticeable in the last few years. This gives us reason to hope that one day in a new Russia settlements can be made which will have stronger foundations than any that are possible now.

There is also in Russia a continual and implacable struggle for power going on within the Kremlin walls. This struggle often reflects itself in the violence of a position that may be taken and expressed by Russia on some international issue at the United Nations or elsewhere. Therefore, what may often seem to be an indication of brute strength and confidence may conceal weakness and division in the Kremlin. In this kind of discord, any forces of reason that exist among the Russian people may become stronger.

Such an evolution, however, will be held back, perhaps indefinitely, if we now take fixed and final positions in opposition to every Russian move. As I see it, if and when Russia has a legitimate interest in some area or some development, we would be foolish to act as if that interest can either be ignored or attacked. Such an attitude, of course, plays right into the hands of the worst elements inside the Kremlin. It also weakens our position in those nations who have no love for Communism but refuse, for reasons that seem perfectly good to them, to take sides in the cold war. There are situations in the world today which do not admit of any permanent solution which will bring about stability without Russian participation in, or at least acceptance of, that solution. We might as well admit that hard fact.

IN SHORT, I think that if we wish to go forward from where we now are to something better, we must not only keep our domestic institutions strong, free and healthy; our defensive coalition firm in its collective will and power but we should take ful advantage of every opportunity to negotiate; indeed create opportunities to negotiate differences with those whom we have had and still have good reason to fear.

In that course, followed steadily and not by spasms, with positive actions rather than panic reactions; based on a strength which is more than military, lies our best hope for a peace with law and order; a peace that will be endurable and perhaps, therefore, enduring.

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# The Continentals Stand Firm

**EDMOND TAYLOR**

PARIS

SHORTLY after the French delegation to the recent NATO Parliamentarians' Conference here had walked out in protest against the Anglo-American arms shipments to Tunisia, I met one of the more reflective French delegates taking a farewell stroll around the crowded lobby of the Palais de Chaillot. "I don't feel the crisis in the western alliance is insoluble," he said in answer to one of my questions. "I am only afraid that instead of trying to solve it you will give us a big smile and then think everything has been fixed up."

Many western observers who have followed the unexpectedly frank discussions of the parliamentarians in the flaking, fading edifice across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower share the French delegate's conviction that the forthcoming meeting of the North Atlantic Council can render the grave ills of the alliance incurable if its prescription is nothing more than diplomatic tranquilizers.

### The Channel Gets Wider

In the context of the informal October debates among the delegates from the legislatures of the NATO nations, the sudden squall that blew up out of Africa was much more than a passing perturbation affecting only the relations among Paris, London, and Washington. It was the latest evidence of a generalized revolt of NATO's Continental members against Anglo-Saxon leadership in the organization. Though the Continentals were far from united on all issues, their feelings about Anglo-Saxon stewardship were revealed unmistakably in the acid tone of some public exchanges and in more candid private conversations in the lobby. Their mood was also apparent in a series of emotional huddles and impromptu press conferences after the French walkout, when the Continental delegates crowded around the French delegation expressing sympathy and off-the-record support for the French position.

"The Anglo-American decision on Tunisia is absurd," declared Admiral J. Toumpas of Greece, whose government habitually supports the Afro-Asian position against French policy in North Africa.

"We don't always agree with you about Algeria," a Dutch delegate told a group of French delegates and journalists, "but after what the British and Americans have just done, we think you are fully justified in walking out of the conference."

The Germans were particularly outspoken—at least in the corridors. "If this is the way people are going to act," declared the chief German delegate, Richard Jaeger, referring to the Anglo-American action in overruling French objections to their Tunisian policy, "there's nothing to prevent the Americans from deciding unilaterally to pull their troops out of Europe, leaving everyone to go it alone."

The Continental powers apparently fear that the United States and Britain are engaged in setting up an Anglo-Saxon directorate. This suspicion, which has increased markedly since the Eisenhower-Macmillan talks, arouses strong resentments in all the Common Market nations of western Europe, but it is naturally most violent in France. The joint Anglo-American action in Tunisia has provoked the most violent flare-up of French Anglophobia since the war.

Oddly enough, the sentiment against the United States, the senior partner in the supposed Anglo-Saxon condominium, is much less extreme, though several French commentators felt that the implementation of the Anglo-American decision bore the unmistakable imprint of Mr. Dulles's "brutal diplomacy."

"The basic error of American NATO policy is the failure to recognize that there is an internal balance of power within the alliance that must be preserved," a senior European diplomat specializing in NATO affairs explained to me recently. "If British and American power are too closely and exclusively associated, the alliance becomes top-heavy and a kind of Third Force isolationism develops on the Continent in self-defense. When you encourage European integration, as you have been doing, without at the same time encouraging closer ties between Britain and the Continent, you merely speed up this process and deepen the split in NATO. To avoid the danger, you should simultaneously put pressure on the Continental powers to save a place at their council tables for Britain and on Britain to occupy it. Your foreign policy as conceived by Dulles fails to do either. Day by day the Channel is getting wider instead of narrower."

MORE THAN anything else, it is the possible use of nuclear weapons that converts the question of NATO's internal balance of power from a mere diplomatic abstraction into a problem upon whose solution may depend the survival of the alliance itself.

"France cannot tolerate on its soil the weapons of mass destruction that expose it to enemy reprisals without having a voice in the decision as to their eventual use," *Le Monde* warned recently. "It is to be hoped that all the fine words about Atlantic interdependence won't boil down in the end to transferring the responsibility at present entrusted to the United States alone to an Anglo-American directorate. However isolated M. Pineau may be in regard to North African questions, on this issue he can, if he wishes, speak with the voice of all Europe."

Who is to pull the trigger on such strategic NATO weapons as intermediate-range missiles with nuclear warheads? This will be the supreme issue of the forthcoming Council session. Unless the Continental powers are made to feel that they have an equal voice with their Anglo-Saxon allies in this crucial decision, they will not be much impressed by any Anglo-American plans for stockpiling missiles on the Continent, for pooling scientific resources, or even



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for sharing the short-range and relatively low-yield nuclear weapons of tactical defense.

### Dr. Spaak Speaks Up

The Suez and Tunisian crises have both produced remarkable evidence of the widespread desire among the Continentals to have some sort of unity—or at least co-ordination of the policies being pursued by NATO nations. They are backed in this by NATO's secretary general, Dr. Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium:

"Events of recent times and events of today have shown that it was a false point of view to claim that fifteen countries could be united allies north of a certain parallel and could resume full freedom south of this parallel," said Dr. Spaak, peering significantly over the top of his glasses at the American and British delegates as he addressed the parliamentarians the morning after the Tunisian arms shipment was announced. "I think the *rapporteurs* are right when they call for a co-ordinated foreign policy . . . but a world policy . . . naturally implies great changes in the international policy of the large countries—in the international political methods of the large countries—but also of the less large and the small countries of the alliance."

A couple of days later, when the walkout of the French delegation had forced the permanent representatives of the Council to take up the Tunisian problem, it is reliably reported that the secretary general opened the discussion by saying that he blamed everyone concerned, including himself, for the failure to initiate in good time consultations on the Tunisian problem in the NATO framework, and not merely between the three governments directly concerned. This was taken in NATO circles here as a pointed warning that henceforth Dr. Spaak means to exercise vigorously the authority granted the secretary general last year to force discussion of issues affecting the solidarity of the alliance, whether or not the member states concerned welcome such discussion.

MANY CONTINENTAL leaders do not conceal their skepticism about the usefulness of such discussions. "I am prepared to support almost any bona fide proposal for converting NATO into a supranational Atlantic community," I was told in a recent interview by General Pierre Billotte, a prominent figure in the French delegation to the Parliamentarians' Conference and for years an outstanding French champion of Atlantic unity. "But let us not make the mistake of thinking there is any magic organizational formula that will serve as a substitute for diplomacy. . . . The present crisis in the alliance—and it is a very grave one—is primarily due to a breakdown of American, British, and French diplomacy. We have been solemnly consulting each other about the Tunisian question for months. Never in the history of international negotiation have three diplomacies failed so lamentably to settle so simple a problem. That is the fault of the men in our three countries who have final responsibility for the conduct of the negotiations. I mean the Messrs. Dulles, Lloyd, and Pineau. All three are equally to blame.

"Undoubtedly all three powers were at fault in not referring the Tunisian dispute to the NATO Council before it was too late," he went on. "But if we don't get anywhere through consultation, what is the use of consulting? The tragic paradox of NATO is that it clings to the classic nineteenth-century concept of a military alliance—which cannot meet the problems of the free world today—but has lost the arts of consultation and negotiation that made military alliances possible in the nineteenth century."

After the inter-Allied failure to deal satisfactorily with the relatively simple matter of arms for Tunisia, it is scarcely surprising that very little has been done about the much vaster problem of French policy in Algeria. But unless some progress can be made toward developing a real NATO policy for all of North Africa at the forthcoming Council meeting, any other results achieved at the ministerial table are likely to seem precarious or unreal.

### Whatever Became of Article 2?

Underlying many of the inter-Allied disagreements that may manifest themselves at the Council meeting is a basic controversy that has dragged on inconclusively for several years over the real nature of the Soviet threat to the West. The confidential briefings given the parliamentarians last month by the top NATO commanders—including General Thomas S. Power, the U.S. Strategic Air Commander—revealed that Washington not only still thinks of the Soviet menace primarily in terms of general war but also views the problem of bracing up the alliance in terms of restoring Allied confidence in the West's ability to win such a war.

Actually, a greater fear among the Continentals is that the United States will keep its eyes fixed on the missile- and satellite-laden sky while the Soviets are taking over down below, using only conventional weapons in peripheral wars, or perhaps without war at all. "In reality, the hypothesis of a direct Soviet military invasion of Europe is the least plausible of all," declared French Senator Michel Debré just before the French walked out.

All signs indicate that this view is widely held in Europe—perhaps even more so than before the Sputniks flashed their warnings from outer space—though the conclusions drawn from it diverge no less widely. Many Continentals, like M. Debré



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himself, stress the threat of camouflaged aggression in the Middle East and other undeveloped areas—the piecemeal outflanking of the West's strategic positions.

Others think the real Communist threat is not military at all and demand the development of economic co-operation, both among member states and in the undeveloped territories of the world, along the lines envisaged in Article 2 of the North Atlantic Treaty. There was near unanimity among the parliamentarians in condemning the NATO governments for failure to take any action on the numerous concrete economic proposals submitted last year to the Council by the committee of "Three Wise Men" and solemnly approved by the fifteen foreign ministers.

"The main stumbling block to implementation of Article 2 is John Foster Dulles," a former State Department official who has worked on many NATO projects explained to me. Speaking of Dulles, he said, "He is afraid that if the Council ever starts seriously discussing economic subjects, our Allies will present a united front in criticizing our trade policies or in calling for increased American financial assistance."

In the light of the strong views about implementing Article 2 expressed by many of the parliamentary delegates here—notably the Greeks, Italians, and Norwegians—it seems probable that unless Mr. Dulles can manage to shed his legalistic qualms, the effort to rekindle European enthusiasm for the alliance will not make more progress.

### Weapons and Strategy

One Continental school of thought criticizes NATO's lopsided military orientation on strategic as well as idealistic grounds. "Our strategic planning should take more account of the nonmilitary factors in strategy and of unconventional means of waging war," I was told by Professor Kurt G. Kiesinger, a prominent Christian Democratic member of the German parliamentary delegation.

"What the French like to call 'revolutionary war'—propaganda, subversion, sabotage, indirect support of conspiracy and rebellion, and so on—is one of the striking features of our age," he continued. "Yet there is virtually no SHAPE or NATO study being made of the revolutionary threat to the alliance or of the means for strengthening western defenses against it. Neither is any real consideration being given to offensive or defensive economic warfare."

No sharper criticism of NATO's leadership as a whole, both military and civilian, was expressed at the Parliamentarians' Conference than that contained in a report prepared for the military committee by Albert Gilson of Belgium and Lieutenant General Michael R. H. Calmeyer of the Netherlands. The report was particularly outspoken about the general reluctance to tell the public the whole truth about radiation and other dangers inherent in the development and stockpiling of nuclear weapons.

"Scientists in various countries have given us severe warnings about the danger of nuclear tests and a fortiori about the utilization of these weapons in case of war," the report notes. "Other experts, especially American ones, seek to attenuate these warnings. . . . In every NATO country public disquietude and uncertainty is obviously increasing, to the detriment of a firm will to resist. NATO and its appropriate organs, by keeping silent on the issue, have failed to supply a corrective."

It is not only the use of weapons that causes alarm. There has been great fear, especially in France and in conservative circles elsewhere, of a "nuclear Yalta"—a disarmament agreement negotiated by the United States, or by the United States and Britain together, with the Soviet Union at the expense of NATO's Continental members. On the other hand, in Germany and among liberals or socialists elsewhere, there is the feeling that the chief NATO powers are not trying hard enough to achieve agreements on limitation and control of armaments that might pave the way for the liberation and neutralization of central Europe. Of course these two attitudes are somewhat contradictory, but their persistence is at least a symptom of a certain neglect of Continental opinion, or even indifference to it, on the part of U.S. and British leadership in NATO.

Though the most revolutionary proposal laid before the conference was Senator Kefauver's ambitious but rather vague suggestion for an international task force to study the problems and possibilities of converting the NATO alliance into a real Atlantic Community, the supranational spirit was far more evident among the Continentals than among the Anglo-Saxons. Not too surprisingly, it was most pronounced among the parliamentarians of the "Little European" nations, a majority of them members of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, the European Coal and Steel Community, or similar organizations.

The enthusiasm was so strong in some of the Continentals that Dr. Spaak, the former *enfant terrible* of the European movement, felt that it was necessary to warn against the danger of setting up an Atlantic version of the Strasbourg Assembly. An institution that has no real job to do only generates a lot of irresponsible internationalist demagoguery when it windily pretends to be performing the functions of a supranational parliament.

THE MOST STRIKING manifestations of the Continental revolt came on the next to last day of the conference, when the head of the French delegation, Pierre Schneiter, read a brief, dignified statement announcing his delegation's withdrawal and calling for the Tunisian dispute to be laid before the NATO Council. It seems almost certain that this gesture had not been approved in advance by the French government. The Quai d'Orsay had tried in vain to prevent it, fearing it would eventually lead to the internationalization of the Algerian problem in NATO—as it is almost certain to do. The decision of the French delegation was apparently inspired by a handful of French deputies with strong European and Atlantic convictions. They had consulted with some of their European colleagues before taking the step and were fully conscious of its revolutionary implications in terms of NATO orthodoxy. It was in a sense the supreme expression of the Continental revolt against this orthodoxy.

The Continentals have made it quite clear that they are not to be taken for granted—even by their closest allies.



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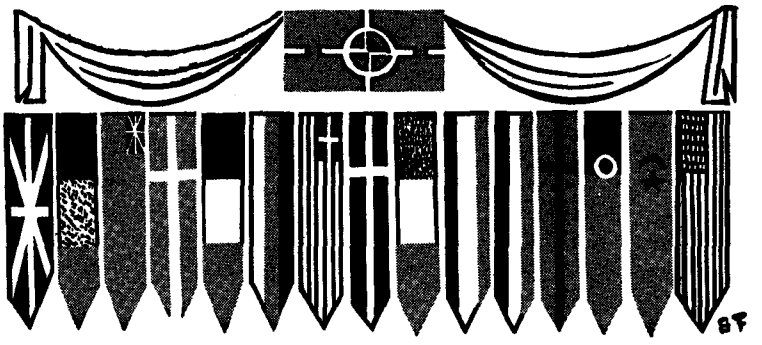

# *Will NATO Survive The Paris Conference?*

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

THE AIR is humming with good intentions. From Washington have come promises of closer co-operation in scientific and strategic planning with the European members; in London the catchword is "interdependence," with the relinquishment of "some" sovereignty to a reinvigorated NATO. Hardly a day goes by without a lusty bugle call from Paul-Henri Spaak, NATO's new secretary general. But all these good intentions could evaporate into the thinnest of thin air unless the men who meet among the leafless plane trees of a wintry Paris have a thorough understanding of the changes that have taken place in the relations between the North Atlantic powers and the rest of the world in the eight and a half years since their predecessors met among the blossoming dogwoods in Washington.

To rely merely on a better spirit and a more co-operative attitude on the part of Britain and the United States toward their NATO partners is to run the risk that any new plans will collapse as soon as the mood of the great powers changes. If it is merely the rise of the modern Dog Star that has frightened Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan into resolving to take NATO more seriously, will their resolution survive the day when the United States catches up and overtakes Russia in the development of Sputniks and ICBMs? Indeed, both the American and British leaders have been so busy introducing caveats and escape clauses into their public statements since they signed their "declaration of interdependence" in October that there is a strong fear that the vaunted new spirit may have largely dissipated even before they arrive in Paris.

The Sputniks have dramatized the need for greater interdependence in NATO and for a greater variety in the assignment of duties among the various members, but that need has become increasingly obvious with every passing year. NATO needs a fundamental revision for a reason that is only secondarily concerned with missiles and satellites. It was created to contain Russia as a dangerous European land power; its structure and the theory that underlies it have never been readjusted for the confrontation of Russia as a global military power.

### The Europe Firsters

The men who wrote the North Atlantic Treaty and who organized its military and political structure were under the pressure of a great fear and inspired by a reasonable ideal. They knew that if the defense efforts of the western European countries were not rapidly co-ordinated and demonstrably backed by America's then overwhelming strength in nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union both could and would use the enormous strength of its army to intimidate or subvert each one into subjection. Their hope was that in the process of military integration, a system of political co-operation would emerge that could give the Atlantic Community some kind of confederal structure.

In military terms, their minds were riveted on Europe, particularly on the 350 miles of the Iron Curtain in Germany. The original conception of NATO's strategy was like a funnel, in which the vast potential resources of the Atlantic world were to be channeled toward a narrow apex. It was the European Command that was considered all-important. So pressing were the problems of European defense—the lack of airfields, the lack of pipelines, the variations in national equipment and training—that in the early years the foreign ministers at their semi-annual meetings discussed almost nothing but European questions. NATO's second command, the Atlantic, was organized entirely to safeguard the communications to Europe, and the lack of any real sense of urgency about the defense of the sea routes was demonstrated by the fact that a long quarrel between the British and the American governments as to whether it should be commanded by a British or an American admiral was allowed to delay the formation of the command until 1952.

THE STATESMEN also stressed the primary importance of defending Europe as the main argument in their efforts to win over public opinion in all the member nations to the need for military integration in time of peace. American congressmen and British and Canadian M.P.s had the idea hammered into their heads that henceforth their frontier was on the Elbe. Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians, and Danes were brought to understand that a shield would be formed to keep the Russian armies out of Europe; Germans were given to understand that NATO was primarily an organization for the defense of their own country. The lesson was thoroughly learned. But public opinion, having digested one revolutionary idea, was ill prepared to accept a steady diet of adjustments to it.

The European Command had



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only begun to function effectively, to train the armies, to work out the necessary command structure, to build the airfields and the pipelines that would make the defense of Europe possible, when Russia started to upset all the calculations on which NATO was based. As the defense of Europe became only one of the problems confronting the American and British chiefs of staff, the confusion and tensions within the alliance began to grow.

### Then Came 1954

With the advantage of hindsight, one can now see that the year 1954 marks the dividing line between the first and successful phase of co-operation within NATO and the strained and quarrelsome period that may now be coming to an end—if sufficient hard thought and candor are applied.

The year 1954 was a crisis-ridden one by any standard: Dienbienphu, the Bikini bombs, Trieste, and many other alarms. The three factors that most deeply affected NATO were Mr. Dulles's formulation of the "massive retaliation" doctrine in January, the NATO Council's decision later that year to base the defense of Europe on the use of tactical atomic weapons, and—most important of all—the disappearance of the last shred of doubt that Russia was developing not only an enormous submarine fleet but also a powerful long-range bomber force to carry its already developed nuclear and thermonuclear weapons.

Mr. Dulles's egregious error, as many have subsequently pointed out, was to trumpet his massive-retaliation doctrine, which had been implicit in the original NATO plan, just when it was becoming outdated by Russia's demonstrable capacity to reply in kind. The immediate effect upon the other members of NATO was to make them doubt the value of building a shield of conventional forces in Europe if any Soviet aggression meant an immediate exchange of nuclear blows. The introduction of tactical nuclear weapons under American control only reinforced the European sense of alarm at the implications of getting involved in a Soviet-American war. The tendency toward neutralism in western Europe was intensified by the fact that in the succeeding two years, Russia turned an unusually bland and reasonable face toward the West.

Another development was the rapidly growing range and diversity of Russia's military threat to the whole North Atlantic area, and not merely to Europe. As the evidence began to accumulate of Russia's ability to knock out the U.S. bases in Europe, to contest the seaborne communications of all the NATO countries, and finally to threaten North America itself, the planners

## A NEW 'CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE'

**ERIC SEVAREID**

In this preparatory period before the Atlantic Alliance meeting, the United States is suffering another siege of the pangs that go not only with world leadership but with peaceableness. Because we are the greatest power, our allies almost automatically expect solutions from us, even to problems they have chiefly created. Because we are peaceable and malleable, they often castigate us with a severity it would be useless or dangerous to apply to the Soviet Union. Had we, for example, sent up the first satellite, using military hardware and following it with a challenge to Russia for a rocket-firing contest, as Khrushchev did, the European press would have been aflame with denunciation of us for "warmongering."

A couple of years ago there was a European "crisis of confidence" in America on the theme that America was practicing reckless brinkmanship and might plunge Europe into war. Today, every other dispatch from abroad tells us there is now a crisis of confidence in us for precisely the opposite reason—because now that we, too, can be a Russian target, we might dishonor our commitments to our allies and refrain from war if they were attacked. Well, Americans might be justified in turning this logic around and doubting that any European ally would go to war if Russia attacked us while promising immunity to allies who sat tight.

But all this is somewhat unreal. Neither kind of Russian attack is likely to occur. What seems really required of the alliance are decisions from its members as to what vital interests, outside their own territories, they will defend; under what type of Russian aggression, whether military, political, or subversive; and just how they will defend such interests, up to and including limited warfare. Will they, for example, resist the carving up of Jordan, and how; will they resist the establishment of a Russian submarine base in Syria, and how?

And if this is the realistic realm for allied agreement, then the business of the alliance is to provide the military means of settling such dangers, in any crisis, without in the process producing the big war of nuclear holocaust. For almost surely, any future Russian aggressions will be limited in nature and one at a time; almost surely the Russians will retain immense conventional forces, capable of quickly moving anywhere around their vast perimeters. In other words, even after we establish a missile balance, Russia will still have the flexible initiative—unless we and our allies break the shackles on our strategic thinking and preparations, the strait jacket of the economy-inspired massive-retaliation doctrine.

This is not up to America alone. Britain, too, is moving into a massive-retaliation defense structure, and for the same money-saving reason; and if French military mobility is now frozen, it is because of their own inability to return their five divisions from Algeria. Resolution of the so-called crisis of confidence in this alliance is by no means the exclusive responsibility of America; it depends on finding solutions to a good many tough and expensive problems, and the United States cannot break every trail in this common search.

*(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)*



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in London and Washington became more and more preoccupied with the defense of their own countries. Whatever they might continue to say in public speeches, their frontiers shifted from the Elbe to the sky above them, to the Arctic seas and the polar wastes. Yet the defense of Europe did not become any less important than it had been, for there was not, and is not, any sign that the diversification of Soviet strength has involved any reduction of its striking force in East Germany. As a matter of fact, recent reports suggest that Russia's twenty-two divisions there have been reorganized with greater firepower and mobility. If anything, the defense of Europe has become more important as the nuclear stalemate increases the likelihood, however remote, that any Soviet incursion into Europe might have to be countered by limited means—that is, without recourse to strategic weapons. But it is inevitably becoming a more purely European responsibility as the confrontation of Russia comes to involve the guarding of the whole eight million square miles of the NATO area, from Ankara to San Francisco, from Naples to Baffin Land, by sea and in the air as well as on land.

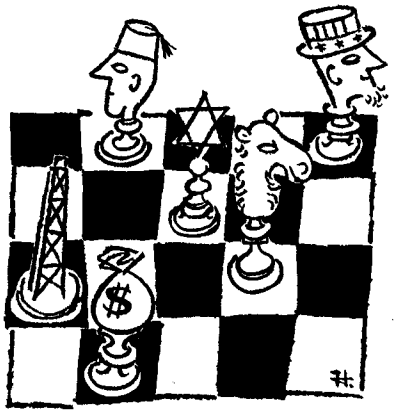
Instead of recognizing this fact candidly, the United States and later Britain tried to work out in isolation, or at best bilaterally, the answers to the problems raised by Russia's elevation to the status of a world military power. The growing preoccupation of France with the North African problem added to the sense of disintegration.

### Needed: A New Perspective

All the NATO countries became hypnotized by their own particular aspects of the expanding Soviet threat just at the moment when they were all becoming more and more dependent on each other.

On the one hand, western Europe was and is becoming of growing military importance to the United States for the advance missile and bomber bases it provides and for the vital early warning that its air space affords. On the other hand, the continuing technological revolution in weapons, in particular the ground-to-ground and ground-to-air missiles and the "low yield" atomic bomb for close support, was making the European members of NATO increasingly dependent on the United States.

The much-vaunted "interdependence" was imperative from the start of Russia's growth as a world military power. But it took the Sputniks to make western public opinion realize the fact.



Despite the bitter feelings that the Anglo-American gift of arms to Tunisia have aroused in France, the Paris conference comes at a propitious moment. This is not only because of Sputnik but also because a number of the questions that have paralyzed NATO's planning for the past year and more have now been resolved. Adenauer's decisive victory in the German elections last September has settled, at least for the foreseeable future, the question of Germany's adherence to NATO and presumably of its contribution of twelve divisions. Mr. Dulles's final and formal recantation of massive retaliation as America's only strategy in his October *Foreign Affairs* article has removed one of the principal sources of fear and friction within the alliance. Moreover, General Norstad's special report to the member governments on the reasons why a force of twenty-eight to thirty divisions must be built up in Europe despite missiles and atomic weapons is rumored—though it is a closely guarded document—to present so cogent an argument as to make it very difficult for any government, including the reluctant British, to oppose the policy. The Turks have recently weathered an even fiercer psychological assault upon their loyalty to the alliance than the Scandinavian countries were exposed to earlier in the year. Finally, there is at the moment a marked lessening of friction between the member governments on questions that affect NATO as a whole but on which policy is formulated by the leading members only: the Middle East (excluding North Africa), disarmament, and the trend of Soviet policy.

All this is hopeful, but it is only a beginning. What is needed from the Paris meeting is not agreements on questions of detail—indeed, a meeting of fifteen heads of state is the last place for that anyway—but agreement on a fresh perspective. In the frenzied pre-conference mood of the western governments, aptly described by the *Economist* as "Hell-bent for half measures," there is so much discussion of subordinate questions—how to parcel out weapons, share scientific knowledge, speed production—that the big question is being lost sight of. All too little attention is being paid to the problem of how to adjust the structure of NATO and the public opinion that supports it to the infinite complexity of confronting Russia not merely as a European land power but as a great sea and air power in a tense world of missiles and supersonic aircraft.

### A Third Command?

Though it may not appear to be the most pressing question, the change that would do most to bring the psychology of NATO into line with reality would be to widen and adjust its system of command. At present the military command derives from a rather shadowy organization known as the Military Committee (composed of one chief of staff from each NATO country), through the Standing Group (consisting of representatives from the United States, Britain, and France sitting together in the Pentagon), and finally to General Norstad's European Command and Admiral Jerauld Wright's Atlantic Ocean Command with its headquarters in Norfolk, Virginia. The whole of continental North America is outside the NATO command system.

There is a growing body of opinion, fostered principally by the Canadians, that nothing would do more to improve public relations on both sides of the Atlantic than to



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convert the existing Continental Air Defense Command into a NATO command. There would thus be one NATO commander for each of NATO's two continents and one for the intervening seas. It is not as revolutionary an idea as it might sound, for CADC is already a joint American-Canadian affair, and technically its early-warning system is in the process of being linked through Iceland and Greenland with that of NATO. In fact, it might involve no more than granting two titles to the American general at Colorado Springs and establishing a token representation of European officers on his staff. But properly presented, the inclusion of North America in the actual framework of NATO planning and co-ordination could do a great deal, not only to produce a better sense of proportion but to destroy a dangerous myth that still lingers in Europe, to the effect that the inviolate Americans are prepared to fight to the last German or Dane. This myth has bedeviled the debate over atomic missiles and bases in Europe. The proposed change would do much to make Europeans realize that they have reciprocal obligations with a United States that is now almost as much threatened as themselves.

WITH THIS should go a steady upgrading of the importance of the Atlantic Ocean Command. As its chief remarked ruefully to me here recently, "I have great difficulty in reminding people that the North Atlantic is part of the North Atlantic Treaty area." Whatever one's views about the conceivability of a period of "broken-backed" warfare after an exchange of nuclear blows with the Russians, or of the reality of the threat posed by the missile-firing submarine, the Russians themselves have left no doubt that henceforth the seas will be an important arena for wars of all sizes. The weaknesses revealed by NATO's recent Exercise SEA WATCH present them with only too good an opportunity.

If NATO is to be composed of three commands, or even two of equal importance, there must be an improvement in the central machinery of command. The Standing Group has steadily declined in prestige since 1955, when Admiral Radford decided that the chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff should no longer be the U.S. representative. It is now not much more than a post office between SHAPE and the Pentagon. NATO is probably not ready for a Supreme Commander in Chief with full authority over the land,

sea, and air forces of the community. But a more authoritative Standing Group composed of men who are either just about to be or have just ceased to be the dominating military figures in their own countries is urgently needed. At present the Europeans are pressing for the headquarters of the Standing Group to be moved to Paris; but what it needs is strengthening, not a change of scenery, if the essential cohesiveness of the whole NATO area is to be understood by both its inhabitants and its enemies.

### Who Will Supply What?

Another great question concerns the assignment of varying tasks within the alliance. It has long been a favorite theme of NATO spokesmen that each nation should concentrate on what it can do best. But that is a much thornier problem than appears on the surface. Carried to its logical extreme, it would mean that the United States would not produce a single infantryman for Europe and that the Italians and the Germans, with little war industry, would produce nothing but cannon fodder. The Dutch, a proud old naval power, would have no navy, and the mechanically minded Danes no air force. The British government tried to come up with its own logical solution to the problem this year by deciding unilaterally to concentrate more on missiles and aircraft—and did a great deal of harm to the alliance in the process. The only final solution lies in conceding a slice of real sovereignty to a relatively arbitrary central authority.

Economic pressure may do what political and military logic have failed to do. The pace of technological change is now so rapid that there is scarcely a piece of equipment in the hands of the NATO forces in Europe that is not semi-obsolescent. Add to this the cost of completing and elaborating the early-warning system, as well as constructing a ground-to-air missile defense system in western Europe, and the common defense bill cannot fail to rise by at least fifteen per cent, even if the European members are given access to an American stockpile of tactical nuclear weapons and missiles. It is very difficult to see how the next phase of NATO can be financed without a considerable extension of the "infrastructure" principle—the common financing formula used at present for airfields and pipelines.

IT MUST, however, be pointed out that there is a certain amount of polite skepticism in Europe about the current American enthusiasm for pooling scientific information and research, even though it has been reinforced by Harold Macmillan's new-found keenness for the idea. The American military authorities, it is pointed out, have hardly ever, even at the height of the Korean production crises, accepted a European device or idea in the field of weapons. Moreover, there is no significant amount of untapped scientific manpower available for defense work. The widespread impression in Europe is that the United States could accelerate its missile program by ironing out its own interservice rivalries, without bothering to call in European scientists.

There is even a strong case for giving NATO a modest research and development budget of its own. More important still would be a reallocation of Europe's productive facilities—to find, for instance, a worthwhile job for large sections of the French and British aircraft in-



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dustries that have been made redundant by the switch to missiles. There may have to be a new "Three Wise Men" operation before this happens, but already economic pressure is producing a number of bilateral industrial agreements.

Finally, there is the problem of political co-ordination — a problem that is fundamentally insoluble, short of a measure of federation, which it is doubtful if the men converging on Paris are prepared to contemplate. Innumerable attempts have been made to find the right formula and all of them have been prejudiced at one time or another by the intransigent action of one of the leading powers. Here again the Paris meeting will have done well if it does no more than set the right perspective. We have lived long enough with NATO to know that it is not the right body to channel aid to India or liberalize trade.

YET JUST as the whole North Atlantic area has become militarily indivisible, so the whole world has become of consequence to NATO. NATO has no particular interest in when or whether the United States recognizes China, but a new missile base on Formosa is of as vital interest to Germany or Turkey as a new missile base in Westphalia. Similarly, NATO has no particular concern with British colonial policy, but a new British base in Aden or the stationing of nuclear bombers in Malaya is very much its concern. The row over arms to Tunisia should have shown even the French this.

When it comes to peace and diplomacy, war and weapons, there are few problems, if any, that are not of vital concern to the Atlantic Community.

## AT HOME & ABROAD

# *The Intelligent Layman's Guide To Controlling Inflation*

**WILLIAM HARLAN HALE**

IN MID-NOVEMBER, when the combination of rising prices, soaring missiles, sagging markets, and plummeting self-confidence had reduced America to a state approaching that of collective jitters, a still, unruffled voice spoke up from between marble fountains on Washington's Constitution Avenue to console and reassure. It was William McChesney Martin's Federal Reserve Board, announcing that its rediscount rate, raised to 3.5 per cent only last August in an effort to stem inflation through tightening credit, was being cut to three per cent, thereby making money cheaper to borrowers in need of it.

Not that the significance of Mr. Martin's move was readily comprehensible to the average layman. Even business experts and economists differed in their response to it—as they had been differing all along on the causes and effects that had led up to it. An FRB spokesman explained that the rate cut had been made because business conditions had "changed" and that "inflation, at least temporarily, has ceased to be a dominant factor in the economy." The newest danger lies in the opposite direction of business slowdown, which easier money is designed to help offset.

In the same week, however, Detroit's auto manufacturers announced the prices of their new 1958 lines of cars. All showed considerable increases over 1957, ranging from $100 on some models to $1,000 on one of Cadillac's biggest. Food prices edged upward again, as they had been doing pretty steadily over the preceding thirteen months.

The President declared at that time that while "inflation is not as serious today as it has been up until recently," it "is still a problem requiring our constant attention."

Meanwhile, after a few days of revival, the stock market sagged again, layoffs accumulated, and business journals voiced forebodings about the Christmas-season volume of trade. "There's nothing to be afraid of in the current business situation," Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks had declared bullishly earlier in the month. On the other hand, Dr. Arthur Burns, President Eisenhower's former chief economic adviser, told a Harvard Business School meeting that we were in fact in a recession that might well become more severe than that of 1953-1954, since now, unlike then, there is overcapacity in a number of major industries.

So just where were we actually? In a state of inflation or one of deflation, or possibly of both together? Rising prices and falling trade—how did you reconcile those two? David Rockefeller, vice-chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, told the Union League Club of New York that "We are walking a tightrope at the moment between preventing runaway inflation and preventing a serious slide." All that a layman could do, caught in a web of contrary forces and conflicting interpretations of them, was to use his cheaper money to buy dearer products and wonder at the mysterious ways of the American market.

### Galbraith and the Democrats

While Board Chairman Martin had pursued his policy of tight money to fight inflation, there were critics in the administration itself, such as expansive Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, who felt that



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Martin was bearing down too hard and might destroy the business boom. Last summer Humphrey had even told the Senate Finance Committee that there wasn't really any danger of inflation; in fact, "in the past four years . . . [there] has been a far greater stability in prices and in the purchasing power of the dollar than we have enjoyed for two decades."

Nevertheless prices had kept pushing steadily up. In October, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, in a statement prepared for the Democratic Advisory Council, declared that it was precisely the administration's tight-money policy that was helping to push them up. Galbraith's reasoning, as previously presented before the Senate's antitrust subcommittee, was that credit restraint discriminates against the small, competitive borrower and aids large corporations in industries where prices are "administered"—i.e., set and maintained by management decision. "The larger firm has superior access to credit," he told the subcommittee, "and has been able to pass the higher costs of credit along to the customer." To stave off further rises and supply equitable funds all around, the tight-money policy must now be revised, he argued.

Meanwhile, Galbraith's Harvard colleague in economics, Professor Sumner Slichter, added to the crossfire of counsel when he stated that if these same credit restraints were abolished, the result would be "an acceleration of price increases"—the very opposite, so far as a layman can follow it, of what Galbraith had said. On the other hand, a *little* inflation each year—say three per cent or so—wasn't such a bad thing in itself, Professor Slichter said, arguing (this time against Martin) that tight credit restraint was checking the growth of production.

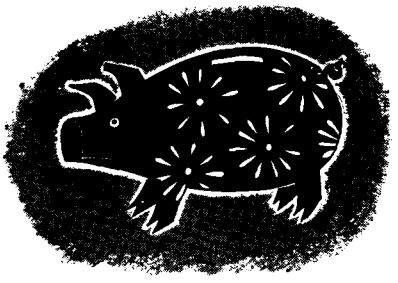
### $100 More—Not $100 Less

Where does all this leave the layman? It left President Eisenhower at the end of October making the following statement: "I just believe in a period of rising prices like in any other thing people should attempt to purchase less than when prices are going down."

But the deeper problem evidently rests in the behavior of the market itself, which baffles even many of the experts. What has brought about the present inflation, anyway?

Last summer George Humphrey informed the Senate Finance Committee that as he saw it, price increases "stemmed basically from a massive increase in capital expenditures"—that is, from huge new expansion of plant. Professor Richard Ruggles of Yale, also restifying on the Hill, argued that the cause was a mighty growth in production costs, in which rising wages ran ahead of rising productivity. This was also the position taken by the auto makers when they rejected Walter Reuther's dramatic proposal for a $100 slash in new-car prices on the ground that increases in wages hadn't been matched by comparable growth in productivity or profits.

On the other hand, opposition economists like Galbraith, Edwin G. Nourse, and Gardiner C. Means have been arguing that a prime mover in inflation is what they call our system of "administered prices" in



key industries that enjoy a high concentration of control in the hands of a few companies.

This doctrine takes us back to the investigation conducted some twenty years ago by New Dealers under the leadership of Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming into just this concentration. At that time the theory was developed and expounded that while one part of the American economy (represented chiefly by farmers and small businessmen) was truly competitive in that its prices were determined in an open market fought over by many sellers, another sector existed in which prices were so set and matched by a few great producers that we could not speak of a classical free market at all. As Galbraith put it, updating this thinking as he addressed senators last July, "The United States Steel Corporation justified its price increase of two weeks ago by the contention that its cost had risen. In doing so it not only conceded its ability to pass higher costs . . . to the consumer but based its policy on the need to do so. But no such opportunity is open to the farmer or to the smaller businessman. They cannot raise their prices, for these are market-determined. They shoulder themselves the costs of the policy."

The contention of these men is strengthened by the generally admitted fact that the present inflation has not been brought about as our college textbooks said an inflation would be—namely by the pressure of ample consumer demand chasing goods in scarce supply. Today there are goods aplenty to go around, and never were advertising budgets so high as they now are. But in spite of goods pursuing the dollar rather than vice versa, prices aren't going down. Then is this really "inflation" of the classical sort at all? Professor Abba P. Lerner, now visiting at the Johns Hopkins University, calls it a "seller's inflation," in which prices have been rising not because of pressure to buy but because of "pressures by sellers who insist on raising prices even though they may be finding it not so easy to sell"—which again implies that they *can* set their own prices in the absence of true competition.

Against this, in turn, other experts have denied (also with statistics) that the greatest increases have occurred in "administered price" industries. They cite the example of rents, which when decontrolled have zoomed to levels hitherto unknown to man. "Toy trains," one sardonic retailer remarks, "are up again this year—like commuters' fares. Is *that* high-level collusion?"

### *Quis Custodiet . . . ?*

Then what to do—especially since we may go on having inflation even amid its opposite, a business downturn? Last summer Dr. Galbraith proposed that unions planning wage increases and companies planning to raise prices file advance notice of their intentions in Washington, thereby allowing the spotlight of public hearings to be focused on the subject, and, furthermore, that in reaching wage contracts the companies incorporate "standstill agree-



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ments" promising to hold the line on prices for a period after any such new contract. In his October statement for the Democratic Advisory Council, he went further and declared: "Firms with large powers to increase their prices must be told, in terms that admit of no uncertainty, that sound public policy requires price stability."

Didn't this suggest price regulation from above? Many veteran New Dealers did not cherish recourse to controls in peacetime, hoping for "statesmanship" on the part of both business and labor. Gardiner C. Means, for instance, testified on the Hill that he didn't want government regulation of prices—but neither did he want "creeping inflation." Then what did he want? He wanted, he said, a detailed study of just how "administered prices" were arrived at, so that we could learn how to deal with them—a subject he had been working on for twenty years.

This left it to Professor Lerner to say quite flatly, in a paper presented to his students, that he himself *did* want regulation of "administered prices"—a regulation not unlike that imposed by law on the rates of public utilities or common carriers vested by franchise with a public interest. But how were you in 1957 to consider an automotive or a cornflakes company a public utility without invoking emergency powers? Here the old Pandora's box of two decades ago burst open again, sprung by the explosive forces of today: who was to control what in the name of whom, and who was finally to control the controller?

ONE'S MIND goes back to the NRA of early New Deal days or, even before that, to the setting up of multitudinous regulatory bodies that sometimes became the servants of the very industries they were designed to regulate. We don't have a machine now, nor do we have the laws that could make our prices toe the mark. But we do have Board Chairman Martin and his organization for managing credit. "At least Bill is one man down there who is able to take positive action," mused a downtown investment man in a room full of charts. "I think he's doing all right—if only because he's buying us time to think."

# *Fifteen Weeks Hath September*

**ROBERT BENDINER**

THANKS to the United States Chamber of Commerce, it is no longer excusable for an American citizen to slip up on those special Days, Weeks, and Months that make glad with poetry the fiscal year. The Chamber has just issued its 1958 calendar of "established observances," a compilation that promises the conscientious celebrant an endless round of eating, shopping, good clean fun, and bankruptcy. By a rough count, 1958 will have 171 Weeks and 59 Months, not counting extended rites like the Spring Festival of Gas Ranges, which starts with the first crocus in April and, guided by high priests of the American Gas Association, promotes sales right down to Memorial Day.

In this year-round carnival every dog has its week—National Dog Week, not to be confused with National Hot Dog Month, begins September 21—and most humans have at least two or three days, birthdays aside, on which to be honored or teased but in either case given something that costs money and keeps the wheels of commerce greased. If you're not a mother or a father and thus entitled to a more or less recognized day, with appropriate gifts, you can hope to cash in on Old Maids' Day (June 4) or Bachelor's Day (February 28).

Father-in-Law and Mother-in-Law each have a Day, sponsored with rare delicacy by the National Association of Gagwriters and the Museum of American Comedy, respectively. Mid-June, which hasn't much besides National Bow Tie Week and National Mayonnaise and Salad Dressing Week, even has a spot reserved for National Expectant Fathers Day. If you're still left out, check the calendar for National Baby Week, Kids' Day, National Grandparents Day, or National Teen-Agers Day.

Special occasions to celebrate an individual's calling are still sporadic—there is obviously a rich field here that is still to be plowed—but a fair beginning has been made. While there is not yet a National Plumbers' Bacchanalia, odd days have been marked to honor authors, clowns, insurance women, inventors, salesmen, secretaries, and even television repairmen (just as though April Fool's Day weren't enough to cover them).

Through the efforts of the Denver *Post* and the Paper Plate Association, respectively, two fall weeks have been set aside to "save" horses and housewives. During those sacred periods, horses—also mules—are to be honored "for what they have meant to this country and the world." Housewives are not especially honored in Save-a-Wife Week (November 13-22) but merely spared, through the purchase of paper plates, the chore of getting their husbands to wash the dishes. Cats, too, by the way, have their own week—international, no less—and so have rabbits. But while cats are to be rendered homage for their own sake, National Domestic Rabbit Week concentrates on edibility.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES of crowding so much honor and tribute into the calendar is that there is a good deal of overlapping, some of it a little trying to respectful people who want to do the right thing. Is it possible, for example, to give due recognition to Jewish Book Month when right smack in the middle of it you have to celebrate National Long Underwear Week and Holiday Eggnog Time? Not to mention the fact that November also happens to be National Contact Lens Month. Or consider the predicament of the man who starts out on a Monday to observe National Weight-Watchers Week, sponsored by the "Lite Diet" bread people, only to find that Thursday marks the beginning of Kraut and Frankfurter Week, a fes-



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tive rite presided over by the National Kraut Packers Association.

As with even the most primitive peoples, our observances, according to the Chamber's calendar, tend to cluster most thickly at spring and harvest times, probably an atavism. The plight of a dutiful housewife in May is positively forbidding. She must scurry around looking at "the nation's new supersize bedding"—the whole month is Better Bedding Time—and then rush out to lay in supplies for simultaneous observance of National Canned Hamburger Month, National Raisin Week, National Pickle Week, and White Bread Sales Month. She probably carries the stuff home on her head because it's also Correct Posture Week and, out of deference to Goodwill Week, she says nothing to her husband for making too good a thing of National Tavern Month, which by a quirk of the calendar also happens to include National Family Week.

October is just as crowded, with its abandoned Cheese Festival, International Pizza Week, and World Poetry Day, not to mention United Nations Day, which as luck would have it falls right in the middle of National Donut Week. Anti-Freeze Week also gets crowded in here, along with Sweetest Day, when small gifts should be bought just "to make someone happy"—like, for example, the Associated Retail Confectioners of the United States, which dreamed up the occasion.

On the chance that archaeologists of the remote future should decipher the Chamber's calendar, we want to leave testimony that few Americans really observe a semi-annual Clean Oil Month (timed to the spring and autumn equinox), that no religious significance is to be read into that ghastly conceit of the fruit dealers called Pearadise-in-April, and that any self-respecting man would glower right through National Smile Week if he ever heard of it. The only serious devotees, when you get down to it, are probably the promoters who sell these "observances" to their clients for healthy fees, and they have reason enough to celebrate. For them, every day in the year is P. T. Barnum Day.

# *Pentagon Voices Off the Record*

**EDWARD HYMOFF**

For years the White House has permitted each of the services to go its separate way in missile research and development, on the assumption that these weapons were still part of the future. This policy has transformed the traditional corps of military officers. Some of them have mutated into a new type of professional soldier, sailor, or airman—the missile man. Today the missile men dominate Army, Navy, and Air Force thinking. But they do not dominate together. They are still deadly enemies. Among the top brass, disputes about which service has the best missiles for long-range, intermediate-range, short-range, and anti-aircraft missions are handled with delicate diplomatic care by the three- and four-star generals and admirals. But among the technicians—the staff field-grade officers and one-star generals and their opposite numbers—sniping continues.

### Anything Nike Can Do . . .

"Colonel," the question was carefully posed to the young Air Force officer, "the Army claims that its Nike anti-aircraft missiles can knock down any plane. They claim, therefore, that bombers and interceptors are obsolete. They also claim that the Nike Ajax now in use and the Hercules to follow are better than the Air Force Bomarc. What is your comment?"

"Whoever told you that is a damn liar and a damn fool!" the Air Force missile man exclaimed as his face reddened.

He turned to his blackboard (a Pentagon innovation in the offices of all scientific-minded missile men) and began diagraming the reasons why the Bomarc placed at Air Force bases along the East Coast would do the same job more effectively and efficiently than the Army's Nike based at closer intervals on expensively purchased land with no welcome from the local citizenry.

"But the Army says that its Nikes can search out and outrun any invading bomber or group of bombers. Can the Bomarc do this?"

"What the Nike can do," the colonel countered, "the Bomarc can do better with its two-hundred-mile-plus range."

"Then you agree that anti-aircraft missiles, whether Army, Air Force, or Navy, have made combat planes obsolete?"

"I didn't say that. For security reasons I can't go into details," he said with some return of composure, "but we in the Air Force have worked on what we like to call 'countermeasures' against missiles."

"But the Army claims their missiles have what they refer to as a 'black box' built into these weapons to ward off any attempt by an enemy to halt interception. Isn't this a countermeasure to your countermeasure which the Russians conceivably have?"

"Dammit! They can make all sorts of claims, but the Air Force has the best anti-aircraft missile to do the job."

"What about the longer-range mis-



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siles like the Army's Jupiter and the Air Force's Thor? Which is better?"

"We know the Thor is better. Remember, the power plants for both of these missiles have been perfected by the same company. We've asked them to add improvements that make our missile better."

"Colonel, do you know exactly what the Army has done in the way of anti-aircraft missile or over-all missile experimentation? Do they compare notes with you people?"

"No, we don't compare notes. We believe that the Army should stick to ground warfare and the Air Force will handle all air defensive and offensive missions."

### What You Can't Replace

Speaking softly, diplomatically, and generously, Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White offered his opinions on the missile age. He acknowledged that "guided missiles will ultimately replace manned aircraft in many of our operations." But he qualified by adding that missiles "will never replace" manned aircraft completely.

Included in General White's observations were these about the future of the missile against that of the manned aircraft:

¶ Nothing will replace the human brain for situations that require reasoning and involved evaluation.

¶ Manned aircraft will be required for the foreseeable future for armed reconnaissance work, and there will always be a need for manned aircraft in tactical situations where the action is very fluid.

¶ Interceptor missiles will first complement and ultimately replace short- and medium-range manned interceptor planes in the present air-defense role for destroying invaders out beyond missile range, identifying intruders visually, and giving more flexibility to the nation's air defenses.

¶ There will also be targets for which manned bombers will be superior for a long time to come. Finally, manned aircraft will never be completely abandoned in favor of guided missiles.

"Our future manned vehicles," General White concluded with a flourish, "will not be airplanes as we know them. They will ultimately be manned rockets and space craft."

In another wing of the Pentagon, an Army general presented with a sheaf of Air Force facts and claims snarled a single unprintable epithet. He quickly upgraded his language to declare, "The Air Force always exaggerates beyond degree.

"We in the Army agree that there's a need for SAC and the manned intercontinental bomber. We're glad we have them now. But these planes will be obsolete, along with all manned aircraft, well in advance of official Air Force thinking.

"We believe that there's too much of our national defense budget going into manned aircraft construction. At least half of this money, three billion dollars, should be spent on missiles. The Air Force is most fortunate. They have a huge public-relations program that starts with the aircraft manufacturers, who have to play along or else they'll lose contracts. This public-relations campaign from outside has aided the Air Force to pressure senators and congressmen into their way of thinking."

"General, can you answer some questions based on Air Force claims? Do you think there's a manned combat plane that will stand up to an anti-aircraft missile?"

"No! I don't like to use the term 'ultimate' in connection with de-

scribing a weapon, but anti-aircraft missiles are the answer. We've got the Nike Ajax, and the longer-range Hercules coming up shortly. We'll have advanced Nikes in the future. No plane can stand up to them."

"What about the Air Force Bomarc? They claim it can outperform the Nike."

"They haven't given us exact performance data," one of the general's young missile men put in. "We've tried out our Nike under every condition possible and imaginable. We've fixed it up with a black box that can't be jammed. It will hit its target."

"Furthermore," another missile man added, "our Nike makes interceptor planes obsolete by the very reason that we control it from the ground to target. Interceptor planes have to get up to altitude and then be told where to go. In this day, time is critical in an attack or during the warning period."

"But the Air Force says that interceptors are needed to identify aircraft. They don't want to be put in the position of shooting down a transport off course. Can the Army handle this problem?"

"Yes, we can," the general answered easily. "Missiles can do anything. If they can carry a warhead, they can also carry an eye—a television camera, for instance. They can do everything the manned interceptor can do—and more. We've got these missiles in the works. All we need is the money, the dollars that are going into soon-to-be obsolete manned aircraft."

### The Area of a Circle

Official interservice controversy is something that must be avoided at all costs, say the highest Defense Department civilian officials. And the Army's director of special weapons under that service's research and development branch fully complied with the controversy directive by carefully phrasing his answers.

"One of the strongest arguments for the missile," Major General John P. Daley slowly voiced his answer to an obvious question, "is that the capability of a manned aircraft compared with that of the ballistic missile is zero."

On the subject of anti-aircraft missiles, General Daley pointed out that "A missile can go higher, travel faster, turn quicker, and carry a bigger pay load than any manned aircraft." He then turned to his blackboard. Using the mathematical formula for figuring the area of a circle, General Daley illustrated how guided missiles carrying atomic warheads can wipe out, individually or in groups, attacking planes over an area three times the size of New Jersey.

"The air-defense surface-to-air



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missile," the Army's missile authority declared in his concluding opinion, "has a much higher kill potential than the manned interceptor aircraft in the same role."

One of the Navy's expert seagoing missile men refused to dignify Army and Air Force claims by disputing who had the best weapons. Instead, he talked about grand strategy on a global scale.

"We can easily control the seas around Russia with missile-bearing ships and submarines. We have these vessels adapted to missile needs and use. We need more. And give us the best anti-aircraft missiles to defend our ships, the best tactical missiles for ship- or submarine-to-shore launching, and we'll deliver the goods." He seemed confident that the Navy could achieve this despite the fact that the Soviets have a submarine fleet larger than those of the United States and Britain combined.

"Do you think that too much money is going into manned aircraft?"

"When the Navy has to go without enough missile ships and missile submarines and sit by while the Air Force announces new manned combat planes periodically during the course of a year, the answer is 'Yes.' "

### Beyond 1970

In a tiny office in the Air Force wing of the Pentagon an old-time pilot and aeronautical engineer explained as if at a wake, "We've got on our drawing boards manned combat aircraft projected through 1970. We're working on nuclear-powered aircraft and chemical-powered planes. We believe the manned combat aircraft is essential to future Air Force operations."

He dropped his air of mourning as he warmed to the subject. "There's a future for a plane that can fly fast enough to outrun a missile, carry anti-missile missiles, and fly anywhere in the world at least a hundred miles up. That's the future for the manned combat aircraft."

"When?"

"That's in the future, beyond 1970," he conceded as his enthusiasm deflated. But then he brightened and added quickly, "As long as we've got them on the drawing boards, we'll be flying them as combat aircraft."

# *Wladyslaw Gomulka And the Balance of Paradox*

**S. L. SHNEIDERMAN**

DURING my two-month visit to Poland this fall, it was obvious that the hopes the Poles had pinned on their October revolution of 1956 had not been fulfilled.

The victories won by this upheaval—a freedom of expression still unknown in any other Communist-ruled country, the end of forced collectivization, and the return of Polish deportees in Russia, which were all part of the bargain between Khrushchev and Wladyslaw Gomulka—were overshadowed by the bitter realization that instead of seeking to consolidate and extend its gains, the new régime was engaged in an all-out effort to stop the movement that had brought it to power.

In fact, the government seemed to be eager to throw cold water on any surviving enthusiasm. Poland did not celebrate the first anniversary of its own October revolution. Instead, I found that the walls of Polish cities were covered with posters summoning the people to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

But the regime was acting against the prevailing sentiment and instinct of the people. I saw this clearly at the shrine in Czestochowa, the heart of Polish Catholicism, where I happened to be on October 20, exactly one year after Khrushchev and the formidable Russian delegation that had come to crush Gomulka were forced to accept his terms.

EARLY on that Sunday, a large group of men and women marched into the courtyard of the Jasna Gora monastery, whose miraculous Madonna attracts millions of devout pilgrims from all over the country. These were well-dressed young people, many of them carrying cameras and very different in appearance from the ordinary pilgrims, most of whom come from villages led by the local priests and carrying religious images and banners. Among them were technicians, foremen, and workers of the Cegielski locomotive works in Poznan, the plant where the 1956 Poznan riots began. They had come to Czestochowa to show their disapproval of the party leadership's failure to celebrate the anniversary of October in Poznan. Before boarding the train they had deposited wreaths on the graves of their comrades killed during the riots.

One of these unusual pilgrims, a short, stocky man in his sixties, told me in a tone of ironic defiance that he was no longer a party member. "They have expelled me," he said. "There is a purge on—they're after former Socialists. I was a member of the Polish Socialist Party for thirty-seven years," he told me proudly. "I participated in many strikes under Pilsudski and even before. But they prefer to keep scabs and toadies. They are more obedient."

### New Myths for Old

The only official party gathering held in Poland in October of this year was on the fifteenth, a few days after the riots caused by the closing of the students' weekly *Po Prostu*. It was a memorial meeting in honor of fifty underground leaders, Communists and non-Communists, hanged by the Nazis in 1942. Critics of the régime interpreted it as evidence of Gomulka's determination to stress the past in order to cover up the disappointments of the present and the gloomy prospects for the future.

At the center of the long table on the platform sat Gomulka. To his right was Aleksander Zawadzki, president of the State Council, a moderate Stalinist. To his left were Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz, Roman Zambrowski, and the youthful Jerzy Morawski, a tall, dark-haired young man who is regarded as Gomulka's eventual successor and who at present holds the position of chief censor.

The main speaker was Zenon



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Kliszko, one of the founders with Gomulka of the United Workers' Party, which replaced the old Communist Party that Stalin had disbanded in 1938 as a "nest of traitors and spies." Kliszko's speech was devoted almost entirely to a glowing tribute to the historic role of the Communist movement in Poland in the resistance against Nazism.

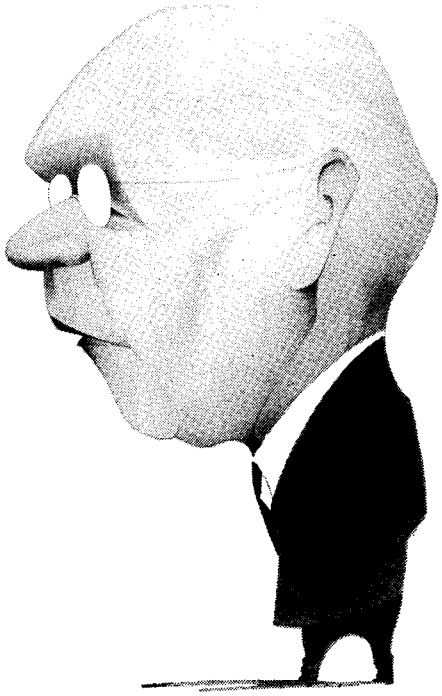
Although he never mentioned Stalin's name, he condemned the cult of personality, to which he attributed the errors and crimes of the pre-Gomulka régime. Nevertheless, he did his best, by means of cleverly placed plugs, to set up a new cult of Gomulka. Each time he mentioned the name of the party's first secretary, a well-disciplined cheering section applauded vigorously, shouting rhythmically: "Long live Wieslaw!" (Gomulka's party name). The rhythm in which this two-syllable name was constantly repeated was a vivid reminder of the chant of "Sta-lin, Sta-lin," which in former times was an inseparable feature of every Communist rally.

EVEN Kliszko's few concessions to the new spirit were intended to stress the importance of the past. He acknowledged that the party had been wrong in condemning the Warsaw uprising of 1944 and imprisoning its surviving heroes. For the last year or so the Polish press has been devoting much space to the exploits of the nationalist underground military groups, which before 1956 had been officially branded traitors and collaborators. Although these patriotic groups are now permitted to commemorate their dead, they are still barred from forming organizations of their own.

Kliszko stressed that the Polish Workers' Party was the only underground party which had the vision "for a realistic understanding of a national united Poland, a Poland embracing the historic territories in the West and along the Baltic, which have been Germanized by force for many centuries."

At the end of Kliszko's speech, a secretary of a provincial party organization sitting next to me remarked with disappointment that no burning issues had been mentioned by the speakers. "All the party wants to do," he said, "is to create a new myth to replace the shattered myth of October."

This heretical remark was uttered at a moment when Gomulka, accompanied by Cyrankiewicz and Zambrowski, was passing only a few feet



***Gomulka***

from us, but I was scarcely surprised. I had heard many similar remarks from party leaders.

### Old Enemies Make Up

Most comments, however, centered not on Kliszko's speech but on the fact that Zambrowski, who holds no official government post, had been given such a prominent seat on the stage, next to the premier's. During the few breaks he had had lively talks with Gomulka, while the others kept at a respectful distance.

A short, thin man with shining eyes and close-cropped grayish hair, Roman Zambrowski is the brain of the Gomulka régime. Until 1954 Zambrowski had always been Gomulka's political enemy. In that year, however, he began to champion Gomulka's return to power, feeling after Stalin's death that only Gomulka's leadership could hold Poland for Communism. This was contrary to the opinion of the die-hard Stalinists in Poland and of the new leadership in the Soviet Union.

At the sixth plenary meeting of the Polish party, held in the fall of 1954, Khrushchev, though attending the proceedings only as a guest, broke all precedents when he took the floor to oppose in most violent terms a proposal to elect Zambrowski first secretary of the party. Although the proposal was defeated, only the die-hard Stalinists of the Natolin Group approved Khrushchev's outburst.

When Gomulka was released from prison a year later, this incident contributed greatly to his *rapprochement* with Zambrowski. Gomulka has relied heavily on Zambrowski in his efforts to gain full control of the party machine, management of which is Zambrowski's particular department. And it is Zambrowski who is doing Gomulka's dirty work in the current mass purge, in which thirty thousand party officials have lost their jobs during the last few months.

GOMULKA'S attempt to seize control of the party machinery is a basic factor in the present complex political picture in Poland. The intellectuals—the writers, artists, and scientists who led the campaign against Stalinism and championed a specifically Polish path to socialism—had superseded the party hacks in the eyes of the masses after October.

Gomulka, who is the son of a poor miner and has a deep-rooted distrust of intellectuals, was easily convinced by his party friends that the very existence of the party was in danger and that the country was threatened with anarchy. He was convinced all the more easily because six years in jail had caused him to lose touch with the people.

In his campaign against the writers, Gomulka resorted first to persuasion. In a number of speeches he called for prudence and moderation, often referring more or less explicitly to the Hungarian tragedy. Only when these appeals proved ineffective did he use force. *Po Prostu*, the weekly that voiced the most extreme views of the so-called revisionists, was banned. While the students rioted in the streets, the writers called an emergency meeting and unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the government's decree of suppression. But Gomulka remained adamant. The press was



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not even permitted to print the news of the meeting. All the writers could do was to express their bitterness in private talk.

The régime's action seemed less arbitrary to me when in the press office of the party's central committee I saw the page proofs of the last confiscated issue. The printed text was studded with red pencil marks underlining the provocative passages. The young editors of the magazine, whom Gomulka had branded "dangerous revisionists," had scorned the régime's boasted accomplishments. Describing Poland's situation as catastrophic, they had demanded a resolute break with the dogmas of the Moscow brand of Communism and had even gone so far as to recommend the introduction of western economic methods.

### Adam Wazyk's Cryptic Verses

The suppression of another magazine, *Europa*, whose first issue was scheduled for publication on the anniversary of the Polish October, seems at first less reasonable.

I was told that the censors had particularly strong objections to the publication of a group of new poems by Adam Wazyk, whose sensational "Poem for Adults," published in 1955, had played a major part in the ideological preparation for the Gomulka revolution. I was able to obtain copies of these poems. Unlike the "Poem for Adults," they contain no explicit political references. One of them describes the poet's impressions on seeing a "Pre-Columbian Sculpture":

*In the Museum of Man*
*There is the image of a cruel God*
*Who wears the face of his victim,*
*An invisible face*
*Recognizable by its double mouth.*
*Now I understand:*
*The Ritual of the Mask*
*And the sorrow of the man*
*in the street,*
*The man in the street who*
*has been robbed of his face.*

Another poem, entitled "Game in the Dark," opens thus:

*This was no conflagration,*
*it was a minor fire in a laundry.*
*The fireman came and quickly*
*put it out.*
*This was not the birth*
*of a monster,*
*Merely the scream of a girl*
*who suffered miscarriage.*

Apparently, the censors who finally banned *Europa* decided that the Polish reader would have no difficulty in decoding these cryptic messages, in identifying the Cruel God who hides behind the face of the common man as the latest version of Communism, and in recognizing the abortive conflagration as the Polish October.

Such poems were obviously incompatible with Gomulka's new policy toward the freedom of writers, as stated in his speech before the central committee's tenth plenum (held in Warsaw from October 24 to 27). Even though the press is fully entitled to criticize the "negative aspects" of the life of the country, "we demand a constructive criticism, a criticism whose approach is positive, and which contributes to the building of socialism; it must never attack socialism . . . The duty of the press is to help the government to

popularize the policies of the party and the government."

This does not mean that censorship has returned to its Stalinist ways. Despite the tightening of restrictions, the Polish press still displays a diversity of views about the achievements and failures of October. But while the régime no longer tells writers what to write, it insists on telling them what *not* to write. There are, moreover, disturbing indications that the Gomulka régime will be increasingly severe toward the disillusioned and dissatisfied groups, and the Gomulka press has for some time been demanding that a vigorous fight be waged against the revisionists.

### A Dichotomy of Disease

In his speech at the tenth plenum, Gomulka made the revisionists his main target. He described them as "bourgeois social-democratic philosophers who are busy dreaming up plans for new ways of building socialism in Poland and elsewhere." While he referred to the Stalinist Natolin Group as "conservatives and sectarians," and recognized that conservatism was a disease just as revisionism is, he insisted that the main source of the party's weakness, the disease that had to be cured first, was that represented by "the revisionists and liquidators."

"We will not tolerate any ideological confusion in our ranks," he threatened. "Under the false slogan of defending the October achievements, the revisionists undermine the decisions of the eighth plenum [which returned Gomulka to power a year ago]. To them, October is a continuation of their policies aiming to split the party, to undermine the people's régime, to spread defeatism, and to destroy the socialist system." He did not shrink from identifying the revisionists with the reactionaries who are using October as a springboard for what he called their "criminal aims."

In his efforts to win over the writers, Gomulka has been partly successful. Most of the poets and novelists, however, seem determined to continue their struggle for freedom of expression. Many of them, including Wazyk, once the champion of "socialist realism," Jan Kot, Poland's foremost critic, and Jerzy Andrzejewski, Poland's most successful novelist, have turned in their party cards. However, a number of journalists, who deal with everyday problems, have begun to show signs of weakening. An illustration of this trend is an editorial in the November 3 issue of the influential illustrated weekly *Swiat* ("The World"), edited by Stefan Arski, close friend of Premier Cyrankiewicz, and Stanislaw Brodz-



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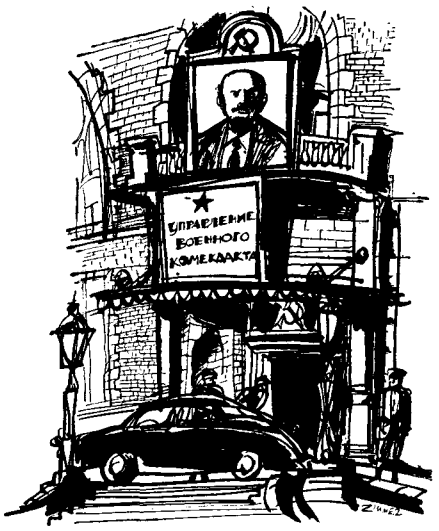
ki, president of the Journalists' Union:

"Ultimately, it is on the party that the character of the government depends, as well as the pace of the development, the solutions of current questions, and the prospects of the future. In our country the problem of the party is therefore a national political problem. The fate of the party, its development, are problems closely connected with the fate of each of us, whatever our party affiliation or philosophy may be. That accounts for the importance of the tenth plenum, which placed the problem of the party at the center of its preoccupations and considered as the most important political task of the moment the search for methods to restore the strength of the party."

THE PROCESS of strengthening the United Workers' Party's grip on the life of the country in all fields is in full swing. While in all Communist-ruled countries the official government structure serves merely as a façade, the real masters being the party bosses, in Poland until recently they felt a need to keep in the background. When the Polish party was directly subservient to Moscow, the men who governed Poland from behind the scenes, carrying out orders that they received by telephone from the Kremlin, used Premier Cyrankiewicz as a shield, capitalizing on his Socialist past. Today all this has changed. Gomulka, having wrested historic concessions from Khrushchev, having concluded an agreement with the Church, and having acquired the status of a national hero, no longer needs a front. He speaks openly in the name of the party, and does not hesitate to use the most worn ideological clichés. In his efforts to restore the shaken authority of the party, he has the full blessings of Khrushchev, who is engaged in a similar effort in Russia. Khrushchev no longer needs to rule Poland by telephone, for he knows that Gomulka must follow the same policies that he does, for the sake of his own survival.

Polish Communist leaders who have an intimate knowledge of Polish-Soviet relations assured me that the taciturn, gloomy, and cautious Gomulka has actually developed a liking for the exuberant, talkative, and jovial Khrushchev. They have in common their anti-intellectualism, an admiration for technicians, engineers, and organizers, and a distrust of creative artists. Because of this growing friendship, the Polish leader has acquired a new prestige in Moscow and in satellite countries. As evidence, my informant cited the fact that recently the Hungarian Janos Kadar,




whom, according to rumors, Khrushchev would like to oust, sent a special emissary to Warsaw in order to win Gomulka's support. This emissary was none other than the American expatriate Noel Field. I was unable to ascertain whether Field had actually been received by Gomulka, but I was told in Warsaw that he saw some of Gomulka's closest collaborators, and that he urged them to take a stronger line against the Polish intellectuals.

### The Man in the Middle

While Gomulka is theoretically in a position to liquidate both his Stalinist and revisionist opponents, he is not likely to do so because, paradoxically, his own power depends at least for the time being on the survival of these two groups, one balancing the other. If he crushed the former Stalinists who still occupy many key subordinate positions in the party machine, the revisionists would quickly come to the top, and a situation would develop in which Poland might easily be subjected to Russian intervention on the Hungarian model. On the other hand, if Gomulka crushed the revisionists, he would lose his main prop in the fight against Stalinism and thus commit political suicide. That is why Gomulka is careful to weaken his adversaries simultaneously, and the present purge in Poland has none of the ruthlessness and ferocity that marked party purges in the past. He does not imprison his political opponents, he merely removes them from strategic positions to less important posts. For instance, General Witaszewski, the most vigorous Natolin leader and once an influential figure in the Polish Army, was appointed military attaché in Prague, where he finds a congenial Stalinist milieu.

Gomulka is less considerate with the revisionists, for these are numerically stronger and, as the chief architects of the Polish October, they enjoy a dangerous popularity. Thus the three men who mobilized Warsaw's population during these crucial days and to whom he owes the greatest debt—Stanislaw Staszewski, former secretary of the Warsaw party organization, Jozef Matwin, former editor of the party organ *Trybuna Ludu*, and Lechoslaw Gozdzik, leader of the workers of the Zeran automobile plant in Warsaw—have all been relegated to minor positions.

A leading Polish Communist told me that Gomulka's fears and uneasiness and his efforts to tighten the party machine actually reflect the uncertainties of Khrushchev's struggle for full control of the Kremlin. In this view, which is widely shared in Poland, Khrushchev still has to overcome many obstacles; and so long as Khrushchev has not consolidated his hold, Gomulka will continue his campaign against so-called Polish revisionism. Only after all danger of a return of the Molotov clique to power has been eliminated will Gomulka be able to loosen his grip to some extent.

WHILE IT IS true that Gomulka failed to fulfill many of the expectations of both the revisionists and the conservatives, he scrupulously carried out the pledge he made to the peasants in his speech of October 19, 1956, a pledge the party die-hards have never forgiven him but which has assured him of



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support among the peasants, who are still the majority of the Polish people.

Speaking about the erroneous agricultural policy of the previous régime, Gomulka said that the co-operatives (collective farms) "which have poor chances of development and bring only economic losses should not be granted credits. One should rather submit to the members of such co-operatives the problem of the dissolution of the co-operatives." In order to clarify and fortify his meaning, Gomulka concluded: "The joining of co-operative farms is voluntary. This means that not only threats or psychological compulsion are excluded but also economic compulsion."

As a result of this stand, the face of the Polish countryside has undergone an amazing change in the course of one year. Everywhere I went I saw signs of activity in the villages. The peasants, confident that the land will not be taken away from them, have regained their vigor and energy. Since Gomulka's return to power, agricultural production has been increasing. The peasants know that they owe the improvement of their lot to Gomulka. They also remember that Gomulka has always opposed collectivization. Gomulka's prestige among them is therefore not based on myth but on fact.

THE POLISH people who inspired and carried out the October upheaval, the unorganized masses of workers and intellectuals who brought Gomulka to power, still press for reforms that would translate their expectations into reality. But however outspoken they may be, the revisionists do not want to seize political power themselves. They know that any attempt to dislodge Gomulka from his controlling position would result in immediate and irretrievable disaster—a Russian intervention and the installation of a Polish Kadar.

Thus, although both opposing factions in the Polish Communist movement are unhappy with the line adopted by Gomulka, each is nevertheless convinced that at this moment Gomulka is the only leader who can hope to hold the entire nation together.

# *Can Israel Handle Its Growing Arab Minority?*

**MARTIN G. BERCK**

THREE ARAB youths from stone villages in the hills of Galilee stood in a Haifa courtroom not long ago and heard an Israeli district judge sentence them to prison terms for slipping intelligence across the border. The story appeared under a small headline on an inside page of the Jerusalem *Post*.

In passing sentence, the judge said the thing all judges say when they send prisoners off to jail. Then he added something only Israeli judges need add. He said he could not expect the accused to forget their people or their heritage, but that after nine years of living in Israel they must recognize the state and identify themselves with it. As the designated representative of Haifa's inhabitants—in fact, of everyone in Israel's eight thousand square miles—the judge further declared: "They must be good Arabs and faithful citizens of Israel, two things that complement each other."

"THE MAIN trouble with the Arabs is that not all of them are Zionists." Thus do some of Israel's 1,700,000 Jews speak of their 204,000 Arab fellow citizens, and they are only half joking. The serious thought, with far-reaching implications, lies in the fact that one out of every nine Israelis is an Arab.

If Israel agreed to admit a sizable number of the nine hundred thousand Arab refugees now camped around its borders—any eventual peace settlement with the Arab states would almost certainly require some repatriation—the proportion of Arabs in Israel conceivably could rise to one in seven, one in five, or even higher. Putting the repatriation dilemma aside, Israelis must reckon with another fact: that Arabs are reproducing almost twice as fast as Jews. Israel's Jews, therefore, cannot escape asking themselves if the Arabs of Israel are really Israelis. Israel's long-range prospects for survival greatly depend on the answer. Until last fall, the only realistic answer—barring exceptional groups like the Druze and certain other villagers who have reached a high degree of accord with the state—was "No," and even the most optimistic response necessarily would have been "Not yet."

Anyone traveling the main highway to Jerusalem can understand why this should be so. Around each bend of the road lie the wrecked hulks of vehicles ambushed by Arab attackers during Israel's war of independence in 1948; these have been painted over to preserve them as memorials to Jerusalem's Jewish defenders. The traveler, looking beyond the road to an adjoining hill, can see burned-out, desolate Arab villages. Both testify to the pits of horror that must be filled in by both groups if they are to continue to live together.

Vast changes in Israel have come about since the Sinai campaign of a year ago. Israel's desert victory over the Egyptians dashed any remaining Israeli Arab hopes that the Jews could be driven into the sea quickly. Realistic Arabs must come to terms with that idea, however painful, and take a different view of themselves. The rising numbers of Arabic names on the rosters of schools, labor unions, and government projects indicate that many Arabs have done just this. The downgrading of "Palestine Firsters" in Jordan and the growing fragmentation of the Arab bloc have acted to speed the process of Arab integration in Israel.

Integration does not mean cultural assimilation for Arabs. History, religion, language, racial traditions are too important in this part of the world. The Jews themselves spring from too many widely different environments even to think seriously about cultural uniformity. Almost half of Israel's Jews are of



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Arabic-speaking stock and are closer in many physical ways to their Arab countrymen than to Jews of European origin. If there is any cultural trend, its direction is eastward, with many Jews, especially Sabras (native Israelis), adopting Oriental modes in food, music, art, and home furnishing. A government handbook given to tourists arriving at Lydda Airport puts it this way:

"It is not the policy of the State of Israel either to isolate the Arabs as a backward minority, or to bring about their cultural assimilation. Israel aims at facilitating the participation of all groups in the life of the country by providing social, health and other services and fostering economic development. At the same time it helps all citizens to preserve their own cultural values. The aim is that Israel Arabs should be proud of their culture and traditions, and at the same time, be loyal citizens of Israel."

If every Jew in Israel supported this goal, and if the government had no other problems more pressing (such as defense, absorption of immigrants, economic development), integration would still be enormously difficult. The Arab population is spread over an amazing spectrum of religious, social, and economic groupings, each with its own goals, requirements, and grievances. Each carries a different heritage of cooperation with or antagonism to the ruling authority; each floats in a different level of civilization. No solution is offered by passing a single set of laws or winning over a single group of leaders.

ISRAELIS are especially proud of the twenty thousand Druze, who eke out a rather meager living in the rocky hills of Galilee and the Carmel range. Of uncertain bloodlines—their generally tall stature and fair complexion have fostered a myth that they had Crusader ancestors—the Druze consider themselves ethnically apart from Arabs, despite their Arabic language and cultural forms. They practice a secret religion—what they call Unitarianism—that grew out of a Moslem heresy of the eleventh century and includes veneration of Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, whose tomb is said to be at Hittin, near the Sea of Galilee.

Druze-Jewish friendship is supposed to extend back for centuries, and the largely Druze village of Peqi'in boasts of being continuously occupied by some Jewish families since Biblical times. The Druze never forgave the Turks and British for listing them officially as Moslems. (Since the days of the Ottoman Empire, religious leaders of each recognized community have administered for their communicants such affairs as marriage, divorce, and legacies, and there are no nonreligious civil counterparts. This system continues in Israel.) When Israel granted the Druze official recognition as a separate religious community last April, Sheik Kamal Ma'adi, headman of Yarka village, reminded a ceremonial gathering of Druze notables that previous régimes had only frustrated their desires, "but thanks to our

partnership with the Israelis, we have achieved recognition of our rights." Druze and Jews stood together against Arab attacks on agricultural settlements in 1936 through 1939 and helped each other smuggle arms in defiance of the British.

No visitor to an Israeli army camp can escape being shown the Druze units, which until recently received all Druze volunteers. Now Druze youths, who are subject to the draft, can join any units for which they are qualified. The army promises to do for the Druze, and for its handful of Christian and Moslem volunteers, exactly what it does for the Oriental Jews who fill half of its ranks. These Arabic-speaking Jews have come to Israel from the slums of every North African and Middle Eastern country from Morocco to India. The army has been amazingly successful in teaching them new living habits—from how to drive a truck to how to use a shower—and in imbuing them with the values and aspirations of a modern society.

From the Druze-Jewish entente, there are important lessons to be learned both by Jews and by non-Druze Arabs. One of these is that Arabs can be loyal Israelis if the state supports their main interests, and that under some circumstances Israel will cater to the special needs of its Arabs and even delight in their satisfaction.

### Christian Arabs in Israel

When the great Arab exodus from Israeli Palestine took place in 1947 and 1948, the Moslem communities were reduced by about eighty per cent, while the Christian groups were halved. The Moslems who fled—some claim they were driven out—included practically the entire upper strata of their society: the well-to-do, the professionals, the intellectuals, the religious leadership. This was not so much the case with the Christians, and those remaining found themselves in a far better position than the Moslems to pick up the threads of their old life.

Two-thirds of Israel's forty-five thousand Christians dwell in the mainly Arab towns of Nazareth and Shfar'am and in six towns mainly Jewish in population. They earn their livings at urban jobs in offices, shops, and factories. The other third, like the bulk of the Moslems, pursue rural livelihoods, some enjoying bountiful prosperity on farms, orchards, and pastures, and others barely scratching their food from the earth. In the main, the Christians lean toward the higher end of the economic scale, the Moslems toward the less fortunate.

Although almost every persuasion in Christendom has its adherents, the Greek Catholic Church is the largest with about eighteen thousand members. The Orthodox group, whose clergy is mostly Greek or Russian, has slightly fewer. There are also some five thousand Roman Catholics, and lesser numbers of Maronites, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Jacobites, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, and Seventh-Day Adventists. Of the Protestants, the Anglicans are the largest, with a membership of about a thousand.

In their attitude toward the state,



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the Christians, perhaps more than the others, are subject to conflicting pressures, pulls, and surges that leave them facing now one way, now the other. The renaissance taking place generally throughout the Middle East means as much to churchgoing Arabs as to those who pray at mosques. Family and church ties with the Arab world at large exert their influence. Because of their better circumstances, there probably is a greater proportion of political sophisticates among the Christians than among the Moslems—more of those whose concern for the running of the government goes beyond its immediate effects on their daily lives. No doubt prosperity stamps some with a sense of guilt. Others, believing in Israel's ultimate destruction, play it safe by joining nests of Communists and other anti-Israel groups clustered in Nazareth, half of whose 21,500 population is Christian. Some Christians, it can be assumed, feel their religion makes them "suspect" as Arabs, and hence find it necessary to denounce Israel the loudest when denouncing is the thing to do.

STILL, the current that runs deepest in the Middle East is always religion, and for centuries Christian Arabs have lived in fear of being engulfed by their Islamic neighbors. Excellent relations have held up between the Israeli government and church leaderships, and this has had its effect. The division of Christians into so many sects tends to split up passions that might be harmful for Israel if they flowed together.

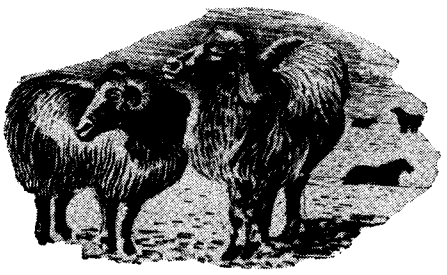
It is the feeling in the Prime Minister's Advisory Office on Minority Affairs—the Israeli agency whose job it is to keep a pulse on such matters—that every pan-Islamist declaration, every call for a Greater Syria or Arab federation, sends another Christian scurrying behind the Shield of David. The so-called "Egyptianization" of commerce and industry in Egypt in the aftermath of the Suez affair, in which Copts, Greeks, and others were turned out of their jobs and replaced by Moslems, had tremendous emotional repercussions. Attempts at upsetting the delicate political balance in half-Christian Lebanon have had a similar effect. As a result, Israeli officials believe that more and more Christians have found themselves with a vested interest in Israel's survival—and not only in Israel but in Lebanon as well.

### 'May Allah Bless Israel'

For Israel's twenty-two thousand Bedouins, all of whom are Moslems, religion plays a limited role. What counts is the tribe or clan with its own fabric of loyalties, hates, codes, traditions, and beliefs, some of which go back to pre-Islamic paganism. Two famous Bedouin attitudes, directly traceable to the special conditions of desert living, are their scrupulously fulfilled standard of hospitality, which demands that the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" be heard and honored, and their tradition of the blood feud, a primitive form of protection for life and property bound up in the ancient code of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

The Bedouin's old nomadic life, unchanged for millennia, is crumbling throughout the Middle East and giving way through dire necessity to one of settled agriculture. Since the First World War, many tribes have been unable to live off their camels, horses, and sheep, and had to do what they most despise, engage in farming. As pipelines and roads have pushed across their grazing lands, more tribesmen were lured away from their flocks. They clung to as much of their free pastoral life as possible, taking to agriculture and construction work only when hard times forced them to. But especially in Palestine, Bedouins have become at least semi-agricultural.

More than half of the fifty thousand Bedouins in the Negev, now Israel's desert southland, moved across the border in 1948 to the Egyptian-ruled Sinai Desert, where their tribal ties were strong. The Negev Bedouins, separated from those to the east by the Dead Sea and the almost uninhabitable Arava rift, were always rather isolated.



Now contained by the frontier and banned from ranging over settled areas, the Negev Bedouins who remained in Israel turned even more to agriculture. Many had a history of co-operation with Jewish settlers or had come to some kind of stable relationship with them. In exchange for the Jews' world of technology, with its tractors, water pipelines, and electricity, they offered much-needed barley, wheat, and meat.

The Israelis wisely pursued a course of supplying Bedouins generously with technical, medical, and educational facilities, but otherwise took care not to interfere with tribal affairs. They continued the old system of Bedouin courts, under which the sheiks themselves sit in judgment on their kinsmen, meting out all but the most serious punishment and arranging for settlement of tribal and intertribal disputes.

Using the tactics of the camel market in Beersheba, the Bedouins ask more of the government than they expect to get. Clan by clan, as long as they feel they have won a good bargain, they are satisfied and loyal, and only when this is not the case is there trouble. A sheik, representing the headmen of nineteen Bedouin tribes gathered at a ceremony one day last spring, invoked the blessings of Allah on Israel when crews of their tribesmen moved Bedouin-owned combine harvesters, purchased through special loans from the ministry of agriculture, across a field of barley.

NO TOUR through the Beersheba district is considered complete without a visit to the camp of Sheik Suleiman ben Ali ibn Hussein el Husseyl, head chief of some 2,500 Atayeh tribesmen and ruler over 9,000 prospering acres. The government built him a school and a clinic, provides his teachers, doctors, and agriculture instructors, and makes available jeeps and hardware. There is said to be a price on his head outside Israel. Inside the living room of his sprawling low stone house, palatial in contrast to his tribesmen's black goat-hair tents nearby, there is a Victorian sofa over which hang two Jewish stars and the likenesses of Ben Gurion, Ben Zvi, and Chaim



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Weizmann. Through an interpreter, Sheik Suleiman told me: "King Hussein was crazy to kick out Glubb Pasha and the British—they gave him his throne."

### A Fact That Must Be Faced

Israel's twenty-two thousand town and ninety-four thousand village Moslems were once part of a majority; now they are a minority. Left with few leaders to mold their own community interests, they had to stand by and watch the construction of a society they neither wanted nor understood. Unlike the Druze, Christians, and Bedouins, they have no special ethnic reasons for binding themselves closer to the state.

Israeli officials can draw on a library of statistics to show how much better off the Arabs are now than they ever were, and how far their living standard has advanced beyond that of the Arabs in neighboring states. They point out that eighty per cent of Arab farmers in Israel till their own soil, while outside of Israel most farms belong to landlords who take up to seventy per cent of the produce. Since 1948, with new markets and farming methods, the output of Israeli Arab agriculture has increased sixfold. The proportion of Arab children attending school has risen from forty-eight to seventy-one per cent, and there are Arab students at the Technion at Haifa and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. There are health and welfare facilities that were unknown before. But these are not sufficient compensations to prevent many Moslems in Israel from wishing for a "second round," in which Arab armies might come and snuff out the Jewish state.

They refer to themselves as second-class citizens, and cite the fact that a number of border areas, where most Arabs live, are under military government. They must carry identity cards and may travel outside their districts only when given a special permit by the military. The law applies to both Arab and Jew, but it is common knowledge that it is enforced only for Arabs. The authorities say they cannot ignore the hostility of neighboring Arab countries, which could use Israeli Arabs for subversion. Nor can the government overlook the ties of Israeli Arabs with those outside, the numerous instances of infiltration, and the necessity of keeping a check on Arab movements within the country. There is no denying that Arabs—Moslems most of all—generally are held suspect, and in times of national emergency they are not trusted by the government.

Barring some completely unforeseen development, it is a fact that some Arabs, particularly the older politically conscious ones, could sit forever in coffeehouses over endless

cups of steaming sweet brew and conjure up Israel's collapse. They do not view newfangled Israeli projects in terms of new jobs, new opportunities, and more comforts. They see them as further encroachments by the Jews on their birthright. A chocolate factory going up near Nazareth is almost a *cause célèbre* because of the Jews it will bring into the neighborhood. Offers of government aid are spurned because they feel Jewish gifts have strings attached. Many admit that most Jews would be happy to forget the old animosities, but this doesn't matter. Entanglements with the Jews could only mean trouble when the Arabs outside the state have their day of revenge.

That day, promised most loudly by Cairo's Voice of the Arabs radio, looked as if it had come when Israeli troops attacked Egypt. But the revenge failed to materialize; instead, Egyptian soldiers were sent reeling back into the Sinai wilderness. The ensuing disappointment and despair among the Moslems of Israel has led to a new and important change of attitude: for the first time in their lives many Moslems found themselves forced to accept the idea that Israel was here to stay.

### Street Lights and Jealousy

Israel's principal approach to its domestic Arab question is to keep trying to bring Arab living standards up to Jewish ones. "Loyalty follows water and electricity," said an Arab advisory official, adding that this is no simple matter. The extremely conservative Arab farmer is not easily persuaded to adopt new ideas. To convince one village that it should spray its fruit and olive trees three times a year, the ministry of agriculture might have to pay the bill for one villager's groves, guarantee him cash for his crop, and then let all the others find out for themselves at harvest time how his yield has increased.

Any Arab can have whatever amenities he wishes by paying for them on the same basis as a Jewish settler. One important exception, however, causes jealousy: Immigrants fresh off the boats at Haifa are assigned to settlements built by the Jewish Agency, a nongovernmental organization supported in part by philanthropies such as the United Jewish Appeal, and these settlements usually come equipped with electricity, water, roads, and phones. Arabs, watching Jewish Agency villages rise stone by stone, keep asking why they too can't get utilities free. That Jewish nonimmigrant villages must buy their own improvements is no answer. So the government offers to foot two-thirds of an Arab village's electrification bill if its residents take care of the balance. Most Arab villages, while admitting they have the money, refuse on principle to do even this. When an occasional Arab village council accepts the proposition, the government then incurs the wrath of Jewish villages that must pay their own bills. One old-time Jewish settler said: "You think I get a street light out of Ben Gurion? I'm not an Arab."

Arabs may function in Israel's



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political life to whatever extent they wish. They may vote for any of Israel's three all-Arab parties or the ten wholly or chiefly Jewish parties, including a Communist organization. Israel's 120-member Knesset is elected by proportional representation and contains eight Arab members.

### The Views of Yusef Khamis

One member, Yusef Khamis, an English-speaking Arab representative of the left-wing Mapam Party, believes Israel could do much more than it is doing to speed Arab integration. "The Arabs here are the bridge to peace, and the Jews don't seem to recognize that," he said.

Of course Arabs live better than ever before, but they still lag behind the Jews, Khamis said. They have the money for development, but they don't use it; they must be taught how, even if that takes some pushing by the government. There must be more village organization, more agricultural and vocational schools, more leadership. Too often the government fails to act, preferring to leave well enough alone, when it could prod the Arabs into moves for their own betterment. And the military government "should pass away."

The chances of peace, Khamis went on, hinge just as much on Israel's action as on those of its neighbors. Israel must agree—without a final peace settlement—to take back a good number of refugees, perhaps the estimated sixty thousand or so who have close kin left in Israel. The others will go to the "virgin lands" in Iraq and Syria if adequate compensation is given and the United Nations applies the right pressures, sponsors the resettlement, and brings in industry. Israel must make no more retaliatory raids. Israel must divorce itself from its connection with the West, and by all means with Britain and France. Israel must take the lead in making concrete proposals for general technological betterment in the Middle East. Then, he said, the climate will be right for a peace settlement. It is his belief that in all Arab governments there is a wide discrepancy between public declarations and private sentiments. All Arab governments privately recognize Israel as a fact and know that we live in "a

time of coexistence." Just as the world would not allow Britain, France, and Israel to "finish off Egypt," the Arab states believe "the world would stop them from occupying Israel." Besides, they know well that Israel is a strong country from a military point of view.

INFLUENCING the Arab integration situation, along with political, religious, and economic factors, is another force equally important and less understood. This is the personal revolution that takes place inside any apartment or tent when a modern society comes face to face with an ancient one. What is true for the Arab family not fully part of the twentieth century holds as well for the Jew from Kurdistan. When a youth calls his father a fool—as many must—for clinging to obsolete farming methods in spite of what the high-school agronomist teaches, when a girl who can read laughs at her parents who can't, it is a tragedy of serious proportions. However humble, the home of the Arab or Oriental Jewish father is truly his castle; his self-esteem is founded on his position as ruler, teacher, and judge of his family. When this status is jeopardized, so is everything else. Can he be expected to love a régime that costs him his ego?

### A Town Divided

Twenty minutes south of Jerusalem by car is the Moslem village of Beit Safafa. When the 1948 war ended, it lay just across the armistice line in the Jordanian-occupied zone. Because a section of the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem railroad runs through it, Israel exchanged another village for the track bed and the northern half of Beit Safafa. Now a strand of barbed wire separates the 450 Beit Safafans living in Israel from 950 fellow villagers who live in Jordan and might just as well be on another continent.

In their nine years in Israeli Beit Safafa, the villagers have gained a reputation for friendliness and loyalty to the state. Their squash, eggplant, and other garden produce finds a ready market in Jerusalem. Those without land have taken jobs in the city, many in the building trades, in which they seem especially skilled. There is money for Jerusalem's shops, and some of their young people go to Jerusalem schools.

Mustapha Ibrahim, forty-seven, the mukhtar, or mayor, holds the job his grandfather got when General Allenby wrested the countryside from the Turks in 1917.

Using staccato Arabic, which one of his six sons translated into Hebrew, which was translated into English by a guide, the mukhtar told this reporter of "many good things" that recent years have brought to Beit Safafa. But there were bad things, too. First, though his brothers and cousins live only a few hundred yards away and he can catch sight of them from time to time, he runs the risk of being killed if he talks to them. He knows only peace can set this right, and he prays for it daily. His second complaint was that the nearby Jewish Agency settlement, being cut from the same gleaming Jerusalem limestone of which his village is built, is getting roads and electricity free, but Beit Safafans must pay for theirs. This, he said, was unjust no matter who was giving it to the Jews.

The mukhtar introduced his third important grievance with these words: "In the Koran it is written that there should be different levels of people." There is not enough honor paid to him, he said. Villagers can go about their business without consulting him, and even a girl can go and have dealings with government officials. When the English came to Beit Safafa, they talked only to the mukhtar, but these Jews will talk to anyone. It wasn't right, the mukhtar said, that he should have to work in the fields with a hoe; "I should be given a position as a clerk." Asked whether he thought the government in Jerusalem was his



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own government, he declined to answer.

When the interview came to an end, the mukhtar dispatched two sons to accompany me across his fields and along the railroad tracks to the district road. One of them, in his twenties, said he was a madrikh, an agricultural instructor hired to teach farming to Jewish immigrants. The other, nineteen, said he had spent two years in a vocational school of the Histadrut, the Israeli labor federation, and now was an apprentice mechanic in a garage. He was asked whether he feels he is really an Israeli citizen. "Why not?" he replied. "As soon as I leave the village and get on a bus, nobody knows whether I am Arab or Jew—or cares." So it appears that the father's loss of status has become the son's gain.

At Tayyibe in the Little Triangle, a strip of central Israel populated mainly by Arabs, the government ran a tractor station with five tractors driven by Arab crews. Several months ago the drivers bought it, putting half its value down and agreeing to pay the rest in installments over two years. This is Israel's first co-operatively owned Arab tractor station. The region, once used for unproductive dry farming, has now been turned under for intensive cultivation.

In Galilee during the 1948 war, certain Arab families lost some or all of their lands for strategic or other reasons. The government agreed to compensate them with cash or equivalent acreage as near as possible to their present homes and help them resume their livelihoods. Few Arabs would even file claims, insisting that they would accept nothing but the return of their properties. But after the Sinai campaign, claims started flowing into Jerusalem, and settlements by the thousands were announced. The claims—thought by the government to be an important sign of Arab confidence in, or resignation to, the *status quo*—keep coming.

These are only signs and tokens, seeds that must find roots between rocks and in sand. But the lands between the Nile and the Euphrates are famous for their surprises—and their miracles.

## Views & Reviews

# *THEATER: Fancy Fare And Good Home Cooking*

**MARYA MANNES**

I never thought I should live to say it, but I have had better entertainment from television in recent weeks (I write before seeing *Look Homeward, Angel*) than from the theater. This admission from a lover of the stage is even more astonishing in light of the fact that the two plays concerned are both hits, and one, *Time Remembered*, was rapturously received by our two most eminent critics, Mr. Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Mr. Atkinson of the *Times*. But there it is. I found both *Time Remembered* and *Nude with Violin* very meager fare for very different reasons; whereas I was both genu-

inely moved and greatly entertained by the General Motors 50th Anniversary Show on NBC, and stirred by two other shows I shall describe later. Perhaps I have abandoned the carriage trade for the market place.

For both *Time* and *Nude* are carriage-trade plays, suffering from that kind of anemia which can—although it need not—afflict the fashionable. They are outside the stream of life, not because the Anouilh play is a fairy story and the Coward play a concoction—fables and conceits can be powerfully alive—but because neither establishes real contact with mind or emotion. They circle and skirmish and nudge, they caress and sometimes they titillate, but they do not envelop.

### From Anouilh to Ennui

Certainly, *Time Remembered* has all the apparent ingredients of the best flirtation. Anouilh is a playwright of invention, grace, and a sharp wit. Although Susan Strasberg's voice is still very limited in expression, she is a small figure of enchantment, and Richard Burton is one of the theater's most compelling young actors. Helen Hayes distinguishes herself in this play by being less like Helen Hayes than usual: at moments she gives the illusion of being a dotty French duchess. Settings by Oliver Smith, music by Vernon Duke, small parts well played—what more could a fantasy want?

But the surrender of reality, the suspension of reason, must be an unconscious process. Here Anouilh demands too much of the will. The premise is labored in this tale of a young prince who mourns, inconsolably and to distraction, a three-day love with a ballerina, a love left unresolved and obsessive by her death; of an aunt, the duchess, who to sustain her nephew re-creates on her vast domain all the circumstances of his fatal love; and of the little milliner chosen by the aunt to



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retain the ballerina's image in the despairing nephew's eye. The "time remembered" is very special, very rococo, and not very amusing. Nor is it much of a surprise when the little milliner cures the prince of his unnatural obsession with the past by being, simply, herself—alive and loving. When this begins to happen, the two young people flicker into a tremulous and poetic life.

There are moments, too, when Anouilh's obituaries on the French

aristocratic tradition glitter with an elegant ferocity, when the headwaiter of the reconstructed night club, Sig Arno, is very funny in a straight slapstick way, and when Miss Hayes's dartings and ditherings (she is crazy like a fox) are fun to watch.

But it is simply not enough, even for a fairy tale. What enchantment it might have had, for me at least, was perpetually short-circuited by a quality I can only describe as translation. This is a kind of French wine that does not travel.

As for Mr. Coward's exercise on the chicanery and pretensions of modern art, the most comprehensive thing to be said about *Nude with Violin* is that he is tired. Oh, not as an actor. Coward remains one of the most versatile, artful, and witty comedians on the stage, and when he is on it—and enjoying every minute of it as a multilingual valet of a famous artist who never painted a stroke—he is a masterpiece of airy rascality. But the joke—a way of saying "My five-year-old could paint better than that" in three acts and a voice of sophistication incongruous to the sentiment—is neither sturdy nor funny enough to last through an evening. There could indeed be a brilliantly corrosive play on deceptions in the world of contemporary art, but this is not it. It is instead a loosely assembled platter of Coward canapés, now slightly glazed with age: the impenetrable respectability of the British middle class, ably personified by Joyce Carey as the long-divorced widow of the deceased "artist"; the heart of gold and Cockney-sparrow-wit of the retired tart, superbly played by Mona Washbourne; the opacity of the English military mind and its feminine "county" counterpart; the tempestuous audacity of Russian émigré exmistresses, given hilarious accent by Luba Malina in one of the play's few vibrant scenes; and the kind of clipped and deadly rejoinder which is Coward at his best. "Aren't there any ballets without swans?" asks a preposterously unlikely *Life* reporter. "Very few," snaps Noel.

Perhaps these appetizers should be enough. They seem to be enough for those who prefer stale Coward to fresh Saroyan, and I do not propose to condemn them. I just wish *Nude with Violin* were a good comedy.

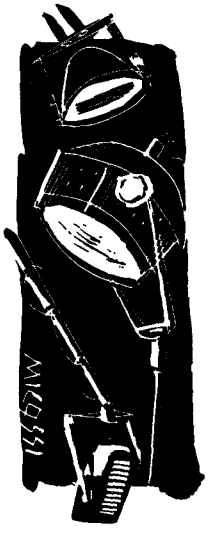
### Imagination Without Pretense

Now to General Motors. Well, all they did was to provide the American public with unexpected, solid pleasure for at least an hour of a two-hour span. Helen Deutsch's script explored the pursuit of happiness in song, dance, comedy, and a quite extraordinary visual interlude composed by Willard van Dyke, entitled "Symphony of the Senses," which celebrated the delights of seeing, touching, hearing, smelling, and feeling. A nest of kitchen bowls, cream curdling in a tall glass of iced coffee, a handful of wet pebbles, a stumbling, brittle colt, a frill of surf curling around bare toes – such things, freshly seen, became wonders.

Then there was an extremely funny and irreverent sketch on "Togetherness," a deeply poetic dance sequence on the phases of love, and several songs and recitatives which were moving without being mawkish. Pervading all was a sense—so rarely conveyed—of true values, a delight in life, and that genuine easy warmth which is a major American attraction. This was the first spectacular in my memory without pretense—and with imagination.

This revelation through entertainment, a true function of theater, distinguished two other quite different TV programs recently seen. One was the last of Camera Three's evocation of prewar German culture, this time the night life of the cabaret, in which songs of love and satire, haunting and sharp, showed up the incredible flabbiness of our popular lyrics today. Why can we not sing of the times, as they did?

The other program was the much-discussed META (Metropolitan Educational Television Association) production "Faces of War," written and produced on CBS by Harding Lemay. This was a moving and exciting brief against the waste and futility of war as a solution to men's conflicts, made doubly eloquent by Earle Hyman's readings from Euripides, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Twain, and by the truly magnificent folk singing of Cynthia Gooding, a woman of rare stature. There was quite a ruckus, you may remember, when the New York Public Library withdrew its sponsorship of the program in a last-minute spasm of alarm at being involved in "a sensitive area," an argument for peace being not, as one trustee was quoted as saying, "in the public interest." It was public interest, in fact, that brought the library back to its fundamental senses: the board expressed regret at its withdrawal and indicated a new awareness of the powers of TV for good. "Faces of War" was education in the truest sense. It was also good theater.





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# *How Captain Hanrahan Made 'Howl' a Best-Seller*

**DAVID PERLMAN**

San Francisco, an easy-going, tolerant, and highly literate community, was surprised not long ago to learn that two officers of the police department's Juvenile Bureau had made a purchase in a local bookstore and had promptly sworn out warrants for the proprietor and his clerk on charges that they "did willfully and lewdly publish and sell obscene and indecent writings."

The warrants were served, and the defendants duly arrested, fingerprinted, and freed on bail. They pleaded not guilty and the stage was set for the first test of California's obscenity law since the Supreme Court's ruling, last June, that the law itself is Constitutional.

The preparations for the trial produced a certain amount of concern in both legal and literary circles. Captain William Hanrahan, chief of the department's Juvenile Bureau, announced, "We will await the outcome of this case before we go ahead with other books." He did not reveal what books he had in mind, but he made it clear he had quite a list. He also disclosed that his men had been taking a look around the shelves of the city's bookstores—of which there are far more per capita than in any other metropolis outside New York.

### A Judgment of Solomon

When Captain Hanrahan was asked what standards he used to judge a book, his reply was brief but vague: "When I say filthy I don't mean suggestive, I mean filthy words that are very vulgar." He was also asked whether he was planning to send his men out to confiscate the Bible. His denial was vehement. "Let me tell you, though," the captain added, "what King Solomon was doing with all those women wouldn't be tolerated in San Francisco!"

The City Lights Pocket Bookshop, where Captain Hanrahan's men had dragged their net for filth, is not an ordinary emporium of literature. Its owner, and the principal defendant in the case, is Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a poet himself, a painter, and a canny and relatively affluent citizen of a San Francisco district called North Beach, which is a largely Italian neighborhood near the waterfront, between Telegraph and Russian Hills. Ferlinghetti's store is right in the center of the district, where ravioli factories, Italian steamship agencies, *caffé espresso* bars, grocery stores redolent of salami and gorgonzola, and crowded blocks of old frame apartment buildings surround small islands of Bohemia.

The islands contain warrens of artistically decorated back-alley studios with north light and no heat, off-beat night clubs, and hangouts with such names as the Purple Onion, the Old Spaghetti Factory and Excelsior Coffee House, and the Coexistence Bagel Shop. There are a number of cellar joints where Ferlinghetti and poets like the renowned Kenneth Rexroth read their verse to the accompaniment of cool jazz. The jazz-and-poetry medium is currently the rage—and quite successful in commercial terms, too. Kenneth Patchen, another widely known poet, has drawn down as much as two hundred dollars a week reciting his poems to the paying customers at a more tony establishment called the Blackhawk which is situated well outside the undefined city limits of Bohemia.

Ferlinghetti's bookshop sells no hard covers, but it does stock all the quarterlies, all the soft-cover prestige lines of the major publishers, a lot of foreign imprints and periodicals, and just about every other sort of pocket book except the kind whose bosomy covers leer from the racks of drugstores and bus terminals.

His store also contains a lively bulletin board, on which appear notices of art exhibits, beer blasts, little-theater castings, ceramic sales, and odd jobs wanted. The City Lights is tiny and crowded, but it is open far into the night. Many residents in the quarter find it an ideal place for browsing, meeting friends, catching up on North Beach gossip, and even buying books. It is, in a way, the intellectual center of North Beach.

Ferlinghetti is also a publisher. He has issued, under the City Lights imprint, a "Pocket Poets" series, retailing for seventy-five cents each. The first three works offered were Ferlinghetti's own *Pictures of the Gone World,* Rexroth's *Thirty Spanish Poems of Love and Exile,* and Patchen's *Poems of Humor and Protest.* The fourth was a forty-four-page volume called *Howl and Other Poems* by Allen Ginsberg, a thirty-one-year-old member of what Jack Kerouac, author of *On the Road,* must be given credit for naming the "Beat Generation."

Ginsberg's title poem starts: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked." In what follows there is a great deal of anger, despair, four-letter words, and grotesque sexual imagery. There are also explicit promises of redemption from the gutter purgatory.

### Oyez! Oyez!

This was the poem that aroused the San Francisco Police Department and was the actual defendant in the case of *People* vs. *Ferlinghetti.* Ginsberg himself was far away on a trip to Europe, and the owner of the bookstore never took the stand, nor was any evidence presented against him beyond the fact that he had published "Howl." His clerk, Shigeyetsu Murao, was even less involved. The prosecutor conceded that there was no evidence to show the clerk even knew what was in the book, and it was quickly agreed that Murao should be acquitted. It was also agreed that the trial would be held without a jury.

The judge was Clayton W. Horn of the San Francisco Municipal Court, who functions primarily as one of the city's four police magistrates. Judge Horn, who regularly teaches Bible class at a Sunday school, was under something of a cloud when he mounted the bench



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for the "Howl" case. He had just been raked over by the local press for a decision in which he had sentenced five lady shoplifters to attend *The Ten Commandments* and write penitential essays on the supercolossal epic's moral lesson.

The chief defense counsel was J. W. Ehrlich, known for thirty years in San Francisco as "Jake The Master." Small, wiry, and intense, with dark, lugubrious eyes, Ehrlich is at fifty-seven the city's most famous criminal lawyer. He has defended such varied clients as Sally Rand, the fan dancer; Fritz Weidemann, the Nazi; Walter Wanger, the producer; and Caryl Chessman, the kidnaper and author of *Death Row*. Ehrlich has never been particularly interested in political cases, but when the American Civil Liberties Union asked him to take Ferlinghetti as a free client, "The Master" agreed.

Ehrlich's opponent was Ralph McIntosh, an elderly assistant district attorney who had studied law at night while working as a linotype operator on a newspaper. McIntosh has been an assistant district attorney for most of his career, and he has become something of a specialist in smut cases. Pornographic movies, nudist magazines, and Jane Russell's appearance in *The Outlaw* have all been targets of his zeal.

There were two other defense attorneys: Lawrence Speiser, who has handled many civil-rights cases up and down the West Coast; and Albert Bendich, a brisk young labor lawyer making his debut as staff counsel for the local American Civil Liberties Union. They let "The Master" run with the ball.

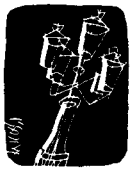
### Mark Schorer on the Stand

The first major encounter of the trial came when Ehrlich carefully pitted McIntosh against the defense's principal witness, Mark Schorer. Schorer is professor of English and chairman of graduate studies at the University of California; he is one of America's leading critics, is a textbook consultant to the U.S. Army, has published three novels and seventy-five short stories, and has been awarded a Fulbright and three Guggenheim fellowships.

In his characteristically imperturbable drawl, Schorer testified on direct examination by Ehrlich: "I think that 'Howl,' like any work of literature, attempts and intends to make a significant comment on or interpretation of human experience as the author knows it."

He said the theme and structure "create the impression of a nightmare world in which the 'best minds of our generation' are wandering like damned souls in hell." Much of the content, Schorer said, is "a series of what one might call surrealistic images."

Judge Horn, having carefully read the evolving common law on the



subject, ruled that while Schorer and other experts could not testify whether or not they thought the poem obscene, they could state whether they thought the controversial language contained in the poem was "relevant" to the intent and theme of the poet.

"Ginsberg uses the rhythms of ordinary speech and also the diction of ordinary speech," Schorer said. "I would say the poem uses necessarily the language of vulgarity."

Then came the cross-examination. For an hour McIntosh pecked at Schorer, stormed at him, and read him nearly every questionable line in the book. The prosecutor railed at the poem too, and it was sometimes difficult to tell which he objected to more, its dirt or its incomprehensibility.

"I presume you understand the whole thing, is that right?" McIntosh asked Schorer at one point, a dare in his voice.

Schorer smiled. "I hope so," he said. "It's not always easy to know that one understands exactly what a contemporary poet is saying, but I think I do."

McIntosh flourished the book triumphantly. "Do you understand," he demanded, "what 'angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night' means?"

"Sir, you can't translate poetry into prose," Schorer answered. "That's why it's poetry."

The audience, among whom were North Beach writers, downtown booksellers, and a few criminal-courts regulars, roared. The judge smiled tolerantly, but McIntosh would not give up.

"In other words," he asked, "you don't have to understand the words?"

"You don't understand the individual words taken out of their context," Schorer explained patiently. "You can no more translate it back into logical prose English than you can say what a surrealistic painting means in words because it's *not* prose."

This still didn't satisfy McIntosh, who kept reading the poem's opening lines and demanding a literal explanation. Finally Schorer said: "I can't possibly translate, nor, I am sure, can anyone in this room translate the opening part of this poem into rational prose."

For some reason, this testimony set McIntosh up immensely. "That's just what I wanted to find out," he declared with the air of one who has just clinched his case.

HAVING ESTABLISHED the impossibility of translation, the prosecutor then read aloud one line of "Howl" after another, each with its quota of Anglo-Saxon words or vivid sexual images, and demanded more translations.

Schorer patiently declined to give them, and McIntosh finally turned to Judge Horn to complain: "Your Honor, frankly I have only got a batch of law degrees. I don't know anything about literature. But I would like to find out what this is all about. It's like this modern painting nowadays, surrealism or whatever they call it, where they have a monkey come in and do some finger painting."

The judge declined to instruct the witness to enlighten McIntosh on the poem's meaning, so the prosecutor tried another tack. He read a few more vivid phrases into the record and then asked Schorer: "Now couldn't that have been worded some other way? Do they have to put words like that in there?"

But Judge Horn disallowed the question, and offered a bit of literary



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criticism himself: "I think it is obvious," he said, "that the author could have used another term; whether or not it would have served the same purpose is another thing; that's up to the author."

By this time McIntosh was about ready to give up on Schorer. But he decided to have one final go at him. Turning to some of the poems that followed "Howl" in the volume, he asked Schorer to characterize them.

"Those are what one would call lyric poems," Schorer explained, "and the earlier ones are hortatory poems."

McIntosh pricked up his ears.

"Are what?" he demanded.

"Hortatory, Mr. McIntosh."

"That's all," said the prosecutor, and sat down. Schorer bowed gracefully towards McIntosh, and withdrew amid applause.

THE DEFENSE placed nine expert witnesses on the stand in all, and with each one of them McIntosh went through the same maneuvers: bewilderment at the poem, contempt for the expert on the stand, and glee at the extraction of four-letter words. But no jury was present to see his act.

From Luther Nichols, book critic of the San Francisco *Examiner,* he learned that "Ginsberg's life is a vagabond one; it's colored by exposure to jazz, to Columbia University, to a liberal and Bohemian education, to a certain amount of bumming around. The words he has used are valid and necessary if he's to be honest with his purpose. I think to use euphemisms in describing this would be considered dishonest by Mr. Ginsberg."

From Walter Van Tilburg Clark, author of *The Ox Bow Incident,* came this statement: "They seem to me, all of the poems in the volume, to be the work of a thoroughly honest poet, who is also a highly competent technician."

"Do you classify yourself as a liberal?" McIntosh asked Clark. But that was as far as he got. Judge Horn barred the question the instant it was uttered.

It was from Kenneth Rexroth—who described himself as a "recognized American poet of recognized competence, and a poetry critic of recognized competence"—that Ehrlich drew the highest qualitative judgment on "Howl." "Its merit is extraordinarily high," Rexroth said. "It is probably the most remarkable single poem published by a young man since the second war."

### The Summing Up

McIntosh made an effort to discredit the poem by bringing in two expert witnesses of his own to testify in rebuttal.

One was David Kirk, assistant professor of English at the University of San Francisco, a Catholic school. Kirk condemned "Howl" as a "poem apparently dedicated to a long-dead movement called Dadaism" and as a "weak imitation of a form that was used eighty or ninety years ago by Walt Whitman."

The second was a blonde named Gail Potter who passed out little printed brochures announcing that she gives private lessons in speech and diction, and who offered a formidable array of qualifications as an expert. She had, she said, rewritten *Faust* from its forty original versions; she had written thirty-five feature articles; she had written a pageant for what she called "one of the big affairs in Florida"; and she had taught at a business college, a church school for girls, and the College of Southern Florida at Lakeland.

"You feel like you are going through the gutter when you have to read that stuff," Miss Potter said of "Howl." Then she shuddered in

distaste and added: "I didn't linger on it too long, I assure you."

Jake Ehrlich bowed Miss Potter off the stand without a question, and that was the prosecution's case.

In the arguments of opposing counsel as the trial wound up, the debate ran true to form. McIntosh cried aloud that San Francisco was in dire danger:

"I would like you to ask yourself, Your Honor, in determining whether or not these books are obscene, would you like to see this sort of poetry printed in your local newspaper? Or would you like to have this poetry read to you over the radio as a diet? In other words, Your Honor, how far are we going to license the use of filthy, vulgar, obscene, and disgusting language? How far can we go?"

For Jake Ehrlich, "Howl" was honest poetry, written by an honest poet, and dirty only to the dirty-minded. As for its potential tendency to arouse lustful thoughts in readers, "The Master" dismissed that key question in a sentence. "You can't think common, rotten things just because you read something in a book unless it is your purpose to read common, rotten things and apply a common, rotten purpose to what you read."

JUDGE HORN took two weeks to deliberate before reaching a verdict. He took the trouble to read *Ulysses* and the famous court decisions that are part of its publishing history. He read other works that were once attacked as obscene. He read the law, both statute and common.

He found "Howl" not obscene and Ferlinghetti not guilty. His written opinion, although it comes from the state's lowest-ranking bench, must now stand as a major codification of obscenity law in California. "The freedoms of speech and press are inherent in a nation of free people," wrote this municipal-court judge. "These freedoms must be protected if we are to remain free, both individually and as a nation." As to the controversial phrasing, Judge Horn declared: "The people state that it is not necessary to use such words and that others would be more palatable to good taste. The answer is that life is not encased in one formula whereby everyone acts the same or conforms to a particular pattern. No two persons think alike. We are all made from the same mould, but in different patterns. Would there be any freedom of press or speech if one must reduce his vocabulary to vapid innocuous euphemism? An author should be real in treating his subject and be allowed to express his thoughts and ideas in his own words."

Nothing has been heard from Captain Hanrahan since, and "Howl" is now a best-seller throughout San Francisco.



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# *Musical Celebrations*
# *For Tidings of Comfort and Joy*

**ROLAND GELATT**

CAROLS ASIDE, there is not a great deal of music specifically addressed to the celebration of Christmas. Consequently we keep hearing the same pieces at this time of year. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* comes immediately to mind as a herald of the season. Handel's *Messiah* has done Christmas duty for more than two centuries. And in the past decade Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, a cantata about the infant Jesus, has been rediscovered as similarly worthy of Christmas time. The last two works have recently been made available in new recordings.

When *L'Enfance du Christ* met with unqualified success at its first performance in December, 1854, Berlioz took a characteristically mordant view of his good fortune. The praise heaped on the new work was, he thought, "insulting to its elder brothers." And to his friend Liszt he wrote: "I have become a good little boy, human, clear, melodic. I am at last writing music like everybody else."

A particle of truth hides behind the irony of this last remark. *L'Enfance du Christ* contains the most predictable, the most "normal" music Berlioz ever wrote. And today, as a century ago, it is enthusiastically applauded by those who have little sympathy with the composer's other music. It occupies the same position relative to Berlioz's lifework that *Die Meistersinger* does to Wagner's. Even Wagnerphobes will admit to a sneaking admiration for *Die Meistersinger*, and listeners who are at heart unresponsive to the Berlioz idiom find it possible to relish *L'Enfance*.

ONE must point this out in order to put the current vogue for the work in reasonable perspective. Today, *L'Enfance du Christ* has become runner-up to the *Messiah* as a Christmas musical offering. But it does not, for all its popularity, represent Berlioz at his greatest. Nowhere does it attain the poetic fervor of the "Scène d'Amour" in *Romeo*, the dramatic urgency of *Harold in Italy*, the somber grandeur of the *Requiem*. To say this is not to disparage the tender, seraphic quality of Berlioz's "sacred trilogy" or to minimize the artistry and craftsmanship with which he depicts the events of Christ's childhood. It is merely to suggest that Berlioz reached his heights when writing music like nobody else.

Up to now the listener in search of a recorded *L'Enfance* has been faced with a dilemma. Either he had

to choose a good French performance under the baton of André Cluytens, vitiated by uneven recording (Vox), or a good American recording of a rather soggy performance conducted by Thomas Scherman (Columbia). Now technology and musicianship meet in a new recording on two LPs by the Boston Symphony, the New England Conservatory Chorus, and four accomplished vocal soloists under the direction of Charles Munch (RCA Victor LM 6053). Perhaps its finest asset is the quality of the orchestra itself, which has been shaped by Munch into an instrument peculiarly sensitive to the colorations and inflections of Berlioz's music. Throughout the score, whether they hold the spotlight during an orchestral interlude or merely weave *sotto voce* arabesques in an accompaniment, the Boston instrumentalists never fail to be eloquent. A captious listener might find Cesare Valletti's Narrator too Italianate in style and the sibilants of the chorus too obtrusive, but in total the new recording of *L'Enfance du Christ* is an interpretative achievement that will be hard to surpass.

HANDEL'S *Messiah*, of course, is still the prime Christmas favorite: freshly made recordings seem to be issued with almost annual regularity. This year's new version is under the command of Leonard Bernstein, and his forces comprise the New York Philharmonic and the Westminster Choir, with Adele Addison, Russell Oberlin, David Lloyd, and William Warfield as soloists (Columbia M2L-242).

Technically, the recording outranks its eight predecessors in the LP catalogue. Massive choruses, probably the most difficult of all musical sounds to reproduce properly, sparkle here with wonderful clarity even in the loudest passages. Bernstein's is also the cheapest of the good recorded *Messiahs*, inasmuch as it occupies only two LPs instead of the three or four required for competing editions. In part this compression is owing to Columbia's skill in squeezing a sizable quantity of music onto the face of a record without accompanying loss of fidelity; in part it is because Mr. Bernstein has made some substantial cuts. (The latter are more or less standard in the concert hall and will be regretted mainly by the devout Handelian; most listeners find an uncut *Messiah* something of a trial.) Moreover, the new Columbia recording possesses in countertenor Russell Oberlin the most meaningful and musical exponent of the solo alto part on records. It is startling at first to hear a male voice, even an incredibly high one, sing "O Thou



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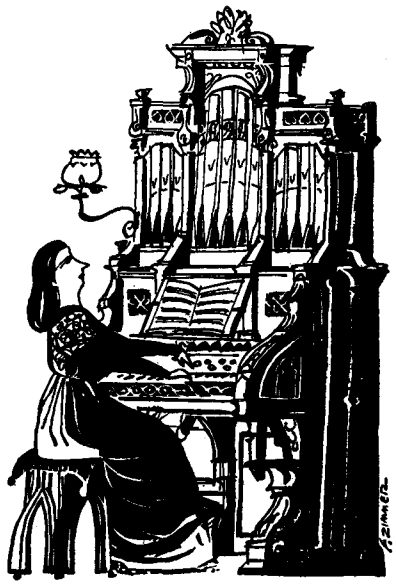
That Tellest Good Tidings"; but one quickly adjusts to it and discovers that Oberlin's pure phrasing and light attacks are infinitely preferable to the Katisha-like "expression" in which traditional oratorio contraltos are wont to indulge.

So much for the points of clear superiority in the latest recorded *Messiah*. Add to them Bernstein's unstodgy approach to the music—vivacious in the joyous passages, intense in the sorrowful ones, never mechanically tied to worn traditions—together with his employment of instrumentation basically that of Handel's day, and the sum is a recording of undeniable quality. But it must vie with the celebrated recording of Hermann Scherchen's issued by Westminster almost three years ago (XWN 3306). The two performances have much in common. Both employ musical forces of proper eighteenth-century proportions and both attempt to rechannel the *Messiah* away from the old Victorian oratorio style. Either album would make a worthy addition to any *Messiah*-less record collection.

MY PREFERENCE, however, still lies with the performance led by Scherchen. His rhythmic sense is crisper, his ear for balance more discerning, and his phrasing more imaginative. These qualities seem to me to compensate for the higher price and the somewhat less resplendent sound of the Westminster recording.



# *The Casement Case*

**DANIEL GREENBERG**

THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT, by Alfred Noyes. *Citadel Press. $3.50.*

ROGER CASEMENT, A NEW JUDGEMENT, by René MacColl. *Norton. $5.*

Sir Roger Casement, however sincere an Irish patriot he may have been, spent most of his adult life in the British consular service and won his knighthood, as well as universal acclaim, for a series of reports he had issued on the barbarous ill-treatment of native laborers in the Congo and in the rubber jungles of Peru. But from 1905 on, Casement had also been dabbling in the Irish Nationalist movement—secretly until 1913 (when he resigned from the Foreign Office) and overtly thereafter. In 1914, just before the outbreak of war, he went to the United States, made contact with Irish Nationalists there, and set about raising money for arms. He then proceeded to Germany, and on an evening in April, 1916, a German U-boat put Roger Casement ashore on the southwestern coast of Ireland. Captured and brought to trial in London, he was found guilty of having spent a year and a half in Germany trying to organize Irish prisoners of war into a turncoat brigade, and he was hanged for high treason.

Casement's story is retold briefly but with a great deal of sympathy by the British poet Alfred Noyes; it is told in greater detail but without comparable sympathy by René MacColl, a British journalist.

ONE OF THE paradoxes in the Casement affair is the fact, brought out by both Mr. Noyes and Mr. MacColl, that what the man had *done* scarcely mattered. At the time of his apprehension he did not command a following in Ireland; his recruiting efforts in Germany had been a dismal failure; and he had undertaken his remarkable visit to Ireland, he explained, not to help lead the Easter Rebellion but actually to prevent it. (The Germans could not be trusted to send enough aid.) Yet Casement was popularly associated with and blamed for the Dublin rising, and an example had to be made of him.

It was after his trial that a resolution asking for clemency came before the United States Senate—a resolution clearly attributable to the large number of Irish-American voters. Britain was at this time wooing the United States, and a misunderstanding between the two countries had to be prevented. Yet neither the imminent passage of the Senate resolution nor the remarkably large number of petitions then arriving at Whitehall (petitions signed by, among others, Shaw, Conan Doyle, and G. K. Chesterton) appear to have softened any hearts in the Asquith cabinet.

QUITE THE CONTRARY, if the events that followed are taken at face value. For while Casement's appeal was under consideration, typewritten and photographed excerpts from a set of rather obscene diaries (or from *a* diary—there seems to be some confusion on this point) began to reach the eyes of influential persons on both sides of the Atlantic. These diaries, it was claimed, had been found in Casement's London rooms, and if they were genuine they proved Casement to be not only a practicing homosexual but an uncommonly enthusiastic one. They did not prevent the Senate from passing its resolution but they did succeed in vastly reducing the number of signatures on Casement petitions.

Mr. Noyes devotes the greater part of his book to proclaiming, if not quite proving, that the diaries were spurious; Mr. MacColl, who remains objective throughout, is satisfied as to their genuineness. But the first writer is certain, and the latter strongly suspects, that British government agents used the diaries in a calculated attempt to smear Casement, particularly in the United States. Interestingly enough, no subsequent British government has ever been willing to discuss their authenticity.



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# *The Accidents of Compassion*

**GERALD WEALES**

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY, by James Agee. *McDowell, Obolensky. $3.95.*

When James Agee died in 1955, he left, not quite completed, the manuscript for a novel. His editors have attempted to fit the pieces together and have issued their construction under Agee's title, *A Death in the Family*. The attempt is a welcome one. The novel is beautiful and moving, and, despite some obvious discrepancies that grow out of the combining of fragments, it is Agee's most balanced, most complete work.

Two artistic impulses, two ways of seeing and speaking, have been apparent in Agee's work since he first began to write in the late 1920's. Often the two approaches have been at war within a single work. One is his deep and accurate perception of the ordinary nonintellectual man in his relation to the land, to a community, to a family. The other is his fondness for large concepts, the kind that would have appeared capitalized in eighteenth-century writing, and for reading into the natural world and the inanimate surroundings of the human world an emotional content that results from his own variation on the pathetic fallacy. The second of these led him to a hurt and messianic rhetoric—for instance, in the prose dedication that is sandwiched between the poems of his first book, *Permit Me Voyage*—that now seems merely foolish and fustian. The same rhetoric often marred his study (with Walker Evans) of Southern tenant farmers, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, although it sometimes helped to make that book the terrifying work it is.

The conflicting approaches, the ordering clarity and the obscuring false artistry, can even be seen in his work for the movies; compare, for instance, his simple and sure adaptation of Stephen Crane's *The Bride Came to Yellow Sky* with his labored and self-conscious adaptation of Davis Grubb's *The Night of the Hunter* (although the bulk of the blame for that pseudo-art film lies with the director, Charles Laughton).

The two forces in Agee joined in his first novel, *The Morning Watch*—really a long short story—in which the adolescent hero (an older version of Rufus of *A Death in the Family*) struggles to make some kind of order out of his own sensitivity, his desire for acceptance in his school, and his longing for religious exultation. The book is a disturbing tour de force in which the author weaves the boy's thoughts and traditional Anglo-Catholic prayers into a pattern which he overlays with his own poetic vocabulary. It is in *A Death in the Family* that the two elements fuse most surely. Here the rhetoric has softened into a lyricism, as in the opening few pages, "Knoxville: Summer 1915," that gives emotional substance to the background against which the main action of the novel takes place. Here too, his understanding of the confusion, the pain, and the dignity of men comes forward. Agee the rhetorician steps back and lets the Follet family have the center of the stage.

THE PLOT of the novel is simple enough. Jay Follet, coming back from a visit to his sick father, is killed in an automobile accident. The book tells how the members of his family—his wife, his two children,

his brother, his in-laws—receive and adjust to the news of his death. His wife Mary and his six-year-old son Rufus are the focal characters: the one must learn to accept Jay's death, the other to understand the whole mysterious fact of death. Yet the novel is more concerned with the family than with the death. Not



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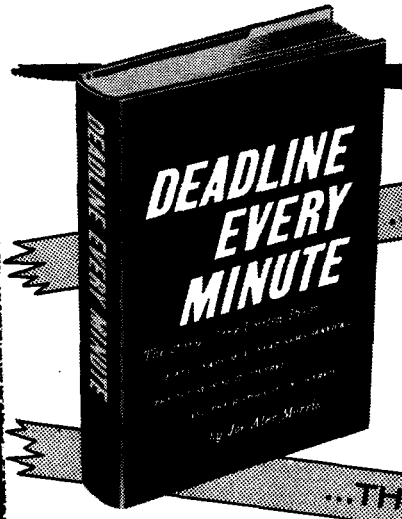
only in the immediate reactions to Jay's accident but in a series of flashbacks, in scenes that are always built around Rufus, a sense of the force and the meaning of the family is conveyed. The book bristles with conflicts that seldom break the surface: the struggle between Jay's expansiveness and warmth and Mary's primness, between his backwoods origin and her city family, between her religion and the angry rationalism of her father and brother.

THE EMPHASIS is on unity, however, not on conflict; on the love that reaches across the differences to hold Jay to Mary, Mary to her family, and Jay to his weak and drunken brother Ralph. In the immediate shock of Jay's death, the living members reach out to touch, to comfort, to help each other, but the beauty of Agee's book is his understanding that each one reaches blindly. At no point in the book does any individual cease to be an individual, at no point can one member of the family put himself in the place of another. The book shifts its point of view easily; Agee takes us inside a character's mind and then moves to another character who imagines, always wrongly, that he understands what the other is thinking. He offers a gesture of comfort, a correct gesture offered wrongly, but the recipient gives it a meaning that was never intended and the gesture is accepted or rejected as something that it is not.

This theme is played again and again. Aunt Hannah's religious faith, which she shares with Mary, never allows her to understand Mary's peculiar strength and weakness in the face of Jay's death. The two children, who share childhood in a world of adults, attract and repel each other, comfort and hurt each other, neither ever knowing exactly what the other feels. Even Mary's parents, whose years together would seem to make them know each other well, are aware only sporadically and inaccurately of the ways in which they can reach each other. The power of *A Death in the Family* lies in Agee's unwavering knowledge that each human being lives and moves in the loneliness of self, but that the family, when infused with love, can occasionally, almost accidentally, shore up that lonely self.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# *The Journalist as Philosopher*

**AUGUST HECKSCHER**

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION, by Max Lerner, *Simon and Schuster. $10.*

When a man spends twelve years of his life and produces a book totaling a thousand pages, one's first question must be: What is it all about? Max Lerner has not been in seclusion these dozen years. We have read his daily column in the New York *Post;* we have found him lecturing widely and teaching faithfully. Yet through these diverse tasks, as well as amid pleasant family distractions that are frequently touched on in his journalistic writings, Mr. Lerner has completed this massive tome. What sort of book does it turn out to be?

It is a picture of America as it exists in these late 1950's. Yet it is a picture of a very special kind. This is not the America a journalist would see, catching the impress of its various and tumultuous life; not that of a social scientist; not quite that of a philosopher. Something of these different perspectives enters into it, besides much that is personal to the author. A solid historical knowledge underlies it, but this is not history alone. The comprehensiveness of the encyclopedist is evident, yet the result is far more than an encylopedia. It is Mr. Lerner's basic thesis that America is more than a form of government or an economic system or a racial mixture. As a civilization it is composed of the interrelationship of all these; and he attempts to get at the heart of a many-sided phenomenon.

AFTER ESTABLISHING his point of view and setting in focus the main outlines of the sprawling American giant, Mr. Lerner launches into the major divisions of his survey. The basic cult of science and the machine, the economic and business system, the nature of American character and society, the nature of belief and opinion and of popular culture, the role of America as a world power—these form the skeleton of his work. Upon that skeleton he hangs discussions of almost everything occurring in American life: the bringing up of children, the place of the Negro, the churches, the higher and the lower learning, the comics, the suburbs, fashions, gangs, the mass media, the American woman. It is impossible in a brief review to indicate the full subject matter of Mr. Lerner's volume—far more impossible to appraise its various parts. Any one of his major chapters could have been a book by itself, and all of them are written with a sustained lucidity, vigor, and intellectual content. He touches scarcely any subject without seizing upon and giving form to significant concepts or without throwing forth suggestive ideas.

The period of change Mr. Lerner records, the quarter century running from the start of the New Deal to the present, saw almost all the institutions of the national life remade. It was, as Mr. Lerner says, "the period of sprouting babies and autos, of atomic energy for war and peace, of the automatic factory, the new middle classes, of crowded universities, of TV elections, of stock-market boom and high taxes and skyrocketing incomes which everyone lived beyond." It was the time of the new suburbs, the new executives, the new corporations, the new farmers—and so one could go indefinitely. It was also, as Mr. Lerner never forgets, a period carrying forward old values amid the sudden transformations. America was being made over; but he likes to imply that it was still the same America that Jefferson and Lincoln had shaped, that Tocqueville and Emerson had brooded upon.

### The Lonely and Unused

Mr. Lerner has ample criticism of the shallowness of much of American life. The materialism of the modern industrial system, with its exaggerated style changes and the rapid obsolescence of its products; the emptiness of most political choices; the superficiality and the boredom of the lives of so many in the population; the recurrent alter-



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nations between pacifism and a native imperialism in foreign affairs; the cheapness of so much of the press and the vacuity of most of the mass media: these he sees and describes. What he calls the "temporariness and loneliness of American life" colors his generalizations on many subjects. "To strive for popularity, yet to feel alone and unwanted; to hunger for use, yet to go unused; to carry the sense of comradeship . . . yet to have to extinguish it in order to keep your position in the hierarchy; to replace the idle impulse and the brooding intensity by the attitudes of Faustian power, of violence, of speed and aggrandizement"—so in one passage Mr. Lerner pictures what "growing up" comes to mean for all too many present-day youngsters.

His final judgment, however, is not framed upon this note. Mr. Lerner is basically an optimist. He sees an America fulfilling itself and impressing upon the world the image of its vitality and freedom. At the heart of much that is disturbing in the United States are its dynamism and its mobility. Our culture is always "pulling things up by the roots," and our population is engaged in a kind of musical chairs compared to which the great migrations of our history seem merely fragmentary. But these very qualities give our society its strength, its diversity, its liveliness.

MR. LERNER is inclined, like Crèvecoeur, to see the American as a new kind of man on this planet. He presents, this new man, a combination of gifts and powers which even a bad season cannot wholly obscure. As America's world role has grown, the author argues, its inner moral and social vigor has seemed to decline, but there is still a strength which "shows itself in unexpected ways, in unpredictable moments, and in disguises that require some imaginative understanding to unveil."

Specialists will find fault with one section or another; a few errors persist despite the evidently careful checking and editing. Yet these are minor matters. What counts is that the work is largely conceived. Though it is also large in mass, it keeps a consistency of view and a sprightliness of style.


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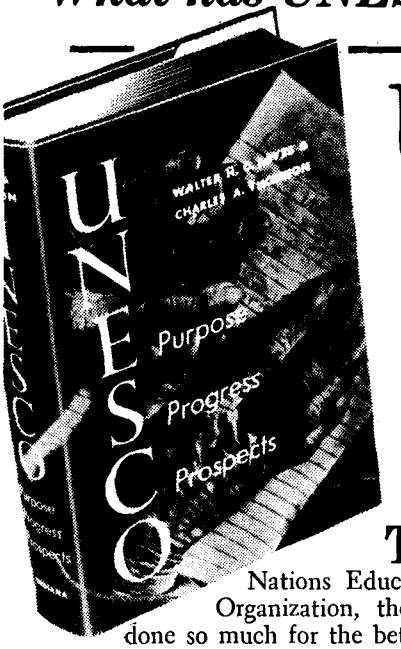


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# *Mrs. Terasaki Comes Home*

**VIRGILIA PETERSON**

BRIDGE TO THE SUN, by Gwen Terasaki. *University of North Carolina. $3.50.*

When, in 1931, the handsome young Mr. Hidenari Terasaki, private secretary to the Japanese ambassador in Washington, asked an American girl from Tennessee to marry him, he told her: "We would have much to endure, but we would walk through a few doors and open a few windows together—and that would be our compensation." The doors they walked through led to unforeseeable grief, and the windows opened on a threat of doom; yet nothing would they have exchanged for the compensation of their life together.

The two-way bridge between Japan and the United States that the Terasakis built during their eighteen years together brought him the shame and humiliation of Japan's role in the Second World War and brought her the challenge of living through that war as an enemy alien in Japan. Yet the bridge held. If the love between the Terasakis is not as romantic and literarily expressed as the many-splendored love affair of Han Suyin, it is far closer to most of us in its conventional framework.

"Japan is doomed," Terasaki said when he called their Washington apartment from the Japanese embassy, just before the embassy telephones were cut off, on Pearl Harbor Sunday. In the ten years since they had married, Terasaki's work as a diplomat had been aimed at preventing war between Japan and the United States. Stationed in Shanghai during the Japanese occupation, he had broken down more than once before his wife and wept at Japanese behavior in China. "My father, my father, I want the Japan of my father," he had cried out, after seeing Chinese lined up and made to kneel and bump their heads on the pavement for a Japanese sentry.

Stationed again in Washington during the fateful last days of November, 1941, Terasaki, enlisting the aid of an American who had the ear of President Roosevelt, had drafted a peace appeal for the President to cable over Tojo's head direct to the emperor. He knew what he was risking. "There are only three members of our family—our sacrifice compared to the death of millions is unimportant," he told his wife. But the courage of a few men of good will was not, as it seldom proves to be, enough.

In June, 1942, their internment in Virginia and their security in life behind them, the Terasakis were on their way to Japan, and the four years of war which were to break Terasaki's health, though not his spirit. They put to the test all the generosity and strength of which Mrs. Terasaki was capable, and turned her daughter from a sparkling child into a girl with an old woman's understanding.

IF IT IS impossible for Americans to forget what the Japanese brought upon us, we can at least remember, with Mrs. Terasaki's prompting, the misery they brought upon themselves. Though so weakened by hunger that she could hardly brush her own hair, tormented by the sight of her child's spindly legs and haunted eyes, obliged to watch her husband lose his health in his grief for his country, she didn't complain then and doesn't now. At the end of the war, when her husband was again given official work at the Foreign Office, she was invited to an audience with the emperor and empress. The emperor asked how his people had treated her. She was glad to answer that she had been treated well. Doctors, peasants, shopkeepers, fellow passengers on trains and busses, even passers-by—not one had cast so much as a look of hate. Mrs. Terasaki's artless writing makes her testimony convincing.

In one of the last letters she received from the husband she left in 1949 because he wanted their daughter to have a chance in America, he wrote from the little house where he was alone and dying: "I am the happiest husband and father in the world."



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# Book Notes

*This being the season when publishers are bringing out some of their handsomest books, here is a list, far too brief and far from exhaustive, of gift books we have seen and liked, books that would be welcomed as permanent additions on anyone's bookshelves.*

THE HOURS OF JEANNE D'EVREUX, QUEEN OF FRANCE. *Metropolitan Museum of Art. $2.50.*

The original from which the facsimile pages—in grisaille and color, slightly enlarged—were made to form this book is in the Cloisters Museum in New York. It is what we would call a prayer book, and six hundred years or so ago it belonged to Jeanne d'Evreux, consort of King Charles IV of France. She probably never used it in her prayers—the script resembles that of the Declaration of Independence inscribed on a pinhead—and she may have viewed it as no more than a very expensive present from her royal spouse. It was treasured enough to be mentioned in her will; Charles V inherited the book and, with the passing of the centuries and the kings, it came to belong to Baron Maurice de Rothschild, from whose collection it was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum in 1954.

The Museum has now reproduced forty-eight pages out of the original 209 folios that comprise the Book of Hours, selecting the illustrations rather than the text, so that even now it will not be used as a prayer book in which to follow the hours of the Virgin, or of Saint Louis: the canonical hours, Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext (at noon), None, Vespers, and Compline, filling each day with the recurrent drama of the Church's liturgical seasons. Yet were the text complete we would still face distractions: beggars, cripples, dogs, rabbits, grotesques of all kind play about amidst the prayers, cavort beneath the golden angels, just as they are neighbors to the Virgin, to the prophets of Judea, to the Christs in Glory, and to the demons that adorn the portals and pillars of the medieval cathedrals. This miniature book of graceful miniatures indeed is much in little, illuminating the fourteenth century as no amount of argument, no weighty dissertations can succeed in doing.

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MARC CHAGALL, by Walter Erben. Translated from the German by Michael Bullock. With plates in black and white, and color. *Praeger. $7.50.*

It has been suggested that the patron saint for space travel should be that Italian of the Puglie, St. Joseph of Cupertino, whose raptures carried him through the air swift as a bird. The patron painter must of course be Chagall, the Russian from Vitebsk. All his people, the violinists and the lovers, all his animals, the heavy cow, the ram, the donkey, float in the pale blue, the mauve and pink skies. This is not just a phenomenon of levitation common to the saints; Chagall, careless of theological distinctions, turns all living matter, human and animal, even lifeless matter, the table, the violin, the chair, into angels.

For years now, unauthorized people—Rimbaud, Verlaine, Baudelaire, or Jean Cocteau, for instance—have been playing about with angels and have always managed to make them equivocal. In Chagall's work the angel is tenderness, an overwhelming simplicity of tenderness, for Chagall sees all creation, under the old dispensation as under the new, even pain, even the Crucifixion, with tenderness. There is no need to use the word "love." Three angels sit at a rustic table white wings folded, their bottoms weighing on the wooden bench. Wine and cakes are on the table. White-bearded Abraham entertains them. He holds his hands clasped in the gesture of host, courteous not submissive, and the angels drink the wine: there is no separation between their world and ours. That is why Chagall's lovers can lie suspended in midair, and why his cows, not comically but simply in limitless freedom, can jump over the moon.

---

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTING, by Alexander Eliot. *Time Inc. $13.50.*

Big anthologies of painters, even more than those of poets, tend to be disappointing: the selections of-

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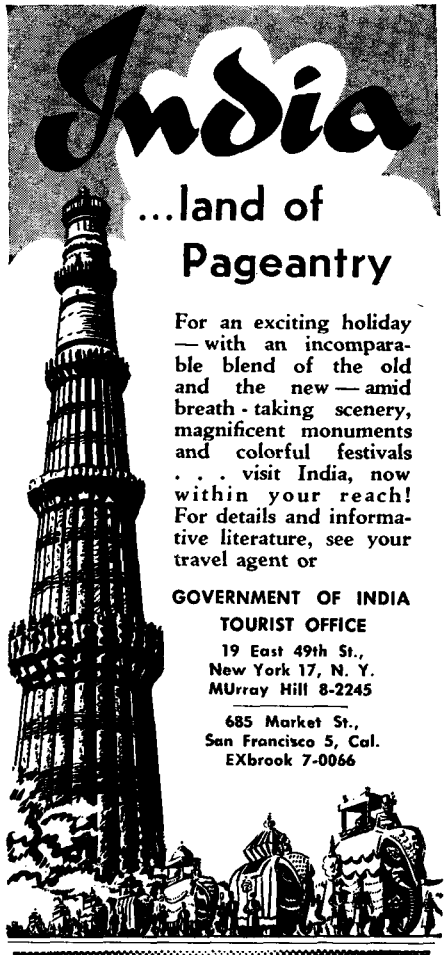
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fered frequently excite the appetite without providing the abundance necessary for full satisfaction. A picture book that pretends to cover the whole range of American painting surely invites skepticism.

But those who come to scoff may stay to marvel, for Alexander Eliot, the art editor of *Time* magazine, has managed to set his table with something a great deal more imposing than a vast collection of hors d'oeuvres; it is in fact a full-course banquet. The illustrations, of which there are 250, are not of the highest fidelity—about on a level with the plates that appear in Mr. Eliot's magazine and its sister *Life*—but there are a great many of them and they seem to have been chosen with both taste and eye for historical development. (It's amazing to see across the span of three centuries how distinctively native to these shores the best of our painting has been, how much of it is marked by a common preoccupation with awesome, empty distance and the unadorned strength of work, sports, and simple family life.) Mr. Eliot's textual commentary bears some of the traces of popular group journalism, but it is full of valuable information and comes as a welcome relief after some of the pretentious nonsense that is used as filler in all too many expensive art books.

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SIENESE PAINTING. Text by Enzo Carli. 137 illustrations with 62 in color. ("Great Masters of the Past" Series, Vol. VII.) *New York Graphic Society. $25.*

Impudence to the dead is as reprehensible as to the living; it would be impudent for a book note to praise the Sienese painters. It is permissible, however, to praise the Graphic Society for this magnificent addition to its series.

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PAINTING AND REALITY, by Etienne Gilson. Bollingen Series XXXV.4. *Pantheon. $7.50.*

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